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The Face of Evil

The Doctor confronts his darker side

Downtime

Sarah Jane Smith takes on the Yeti

the CYBERMEN
– THE PARASITE SEEMS IMPERVIOUS TO SPOT FIRE. TARGET THE IMPULSE ENGINES –
– RATIFY? –
– TARGET ENGINES. IT WILL SUBMERGE THE SHIP SOON. THE ACTION IS NECESSARY. TARGET! –
– TARGETTING –
– FIRE –
BRAAAKK!
KA-SKROOM!
NO! THE CONTROL SPHERE! THE FURY!
SKRUNCH!
– YOU BELONG TO US NOW. SUBMIT –
– YOU SHALL GUIDE US THROUGH THESE DARK LANDS, TO THIS GOLGOTH OF WHOM YOU SPEAK –
"HE WILL DESTROY YOU."
– WE WILL DESTROY HIM. WE WILL SURVIVE –
– WE WILL SURVIVE –

One of the things we're trying to do here at DWM is to reassess the way in which *Doctor Who* is studied and evaluated. It can be observed that although the number and variety of Doctor Who publications has increased over the years, the language used to describe the many different elements of the *Doctor Who* mix has become somewhat stale and predictable.

Stories are "classics" or "oddballs"; the First Doctor is almost always "crochety"; the Fourth "bohemian"; the Third drives a "sprightly yellow roadster". Robert Holmes writes "classic Holmesian double-acts" and the Graham Williams "era" injected "undergraduate humour" into the series. Much of this language was defined over fifteen years ago by *Doctor Who* fans, back in the days when *Doctor Who* journalism was the province of only one or two individuals. We were taught, for example – courtesy of those writers' personal tastes and predjudices – that *The Web Planet* was "brave, exciting and original" and *The Gunfighters* was "foolhardy and ridiculous".

We are continually seeking fresh points of view and new angles on familiar material. As a matter of editorial policy, DWM is not in the business of picking holes in the series or criticising individual performances or other creative contributions. *Personal* opinion on the strengths and weaknesses of the series is a permanent feature, showcased in *Shelf Life*, *Fluid Links* and *Time Lines*, but DWM's philosophy is to celebrate *Doctor Who* in all its forms. This month we're adding a new mini-feature to our *Timelines* section, *The Hit Parade*, which offers a chance for you to get to know the DWM team a little better, and discover more about our personal tastes. It's not an attempt to authoritatively define what is good or bad *Doctor Who*, but it *will* demonstrate how varied and entertaining different perceptions of the series can be.

Gary

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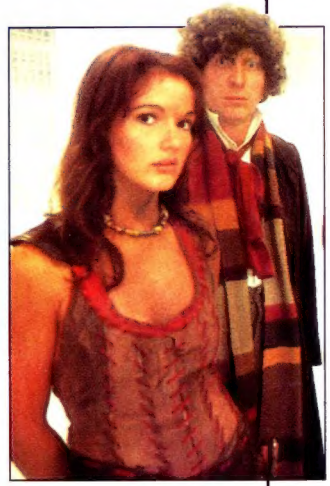

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ABC AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS CONSUMER PRESS

Downtime

This autumn sees the long-awaited premiere of *Downtime*, an all-action rematch between UNIT and the Yeti which features no fewer than three of the Doctor's companions among a host of familiar faces. Graeme Fowler presents his production scrapbook for this exciting video project. Photography by Robin Prichard.

In September 1967, Deborah Watling and her father Jack were among the cast who travelled to North Wales to film the *Doctor Who* serial *The Abominable Snowmen*. It told the story of the Doctor's first encounter with the Great Intelligence, an evil, formless entity that sought to dominate the Earth. To achieve this end, it created the Yeti – monstrous, fur-covered robots – to do its bidding. Snowdonia stood in for the Himalayas on that occasion, despite a noticeable absence of snow.

Almost thirty years later, Jack and Deborah have once more found themselves pitted against the Yeti in the new video production *Downtime*. Earlier this year, I joined the cast and crew on location at the University of East Anglia in order to find out more about the project, and discovered that, in an almost poetic reversal of events, a day's recording time had already been lost – because of snow!

In *Downtime*, the Great Intelligence is once again seeking to manifest itself on Earth, and in doing so it manipulates the lives of several of the Doctor's old friends: Professor Travers, himself a former slave of the Intelligence; Victoria Waterfield, now the Vice Chancellor of a particularly sinister new university; Sarah Jane Smith, leading investigative reporter for *Metropolitan* magazine; and Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart, who once battled the Yeti in the London Underground but is now a troubled, nightmare-haunted teacher at an English public school. The Doctor's former companions must risk their lives to stop the Intelligence's web of power encircling the Earth. But it is impossible to trust anyone, and even the closest friends may not be all that they appear . . .

Downtime is a joint production from Reeltime Pictures, Dominitemporal Services and Tropicana Holdings. Perhaps best known for its successful range of *Myth Makers* interview cassettes, Reeltime is the video production company run by long-time *Doctor Who* fan Keith Barnfather. During a break in shooting I sat down with Keith in the university's student cafe and asked him about the origins of the project, first mentioned in the pages of **Doctor Who Magazine** more than two years ago.

"I can't really be sure exactly when it started. I remember that I'd got to a point where I thought it would be nice to do another drama – it had been ten years since I did *Wartime*, a video production about Benton. I discussed this with the writer, Marc Platt, and a number of ideas gradually formed. It wasn't originally a Yeti story. We were considering what characters we could legally secure the use of, so we could do some thing 'official'. Hence we started with the Brigadier and Benton and, of course, the creators of the Brigadier were also the creators of the Yeti, Professor Travers and the Great Intelligence. We negotiated with the BBC for the rights to use Victoria, and when John Levene proved unavailable to play Benton we also secured the rights to Sarah Jane Smith."

"We meet the Brigadier's daughter for the first time."

Why has *Downtime* taken this long to reach our screens? "The problems have all been with the availability of cast and cash. A fairly sizeable sum of money was needed up front to guarantee that the end product would be to broadcast standard. Last year production was delayed because Debbie Watling secured a season in a West End show, and she is key to the storyline. Everything fell into place this year. We lost John Levene, but we did gain Elisabeth Sladen.

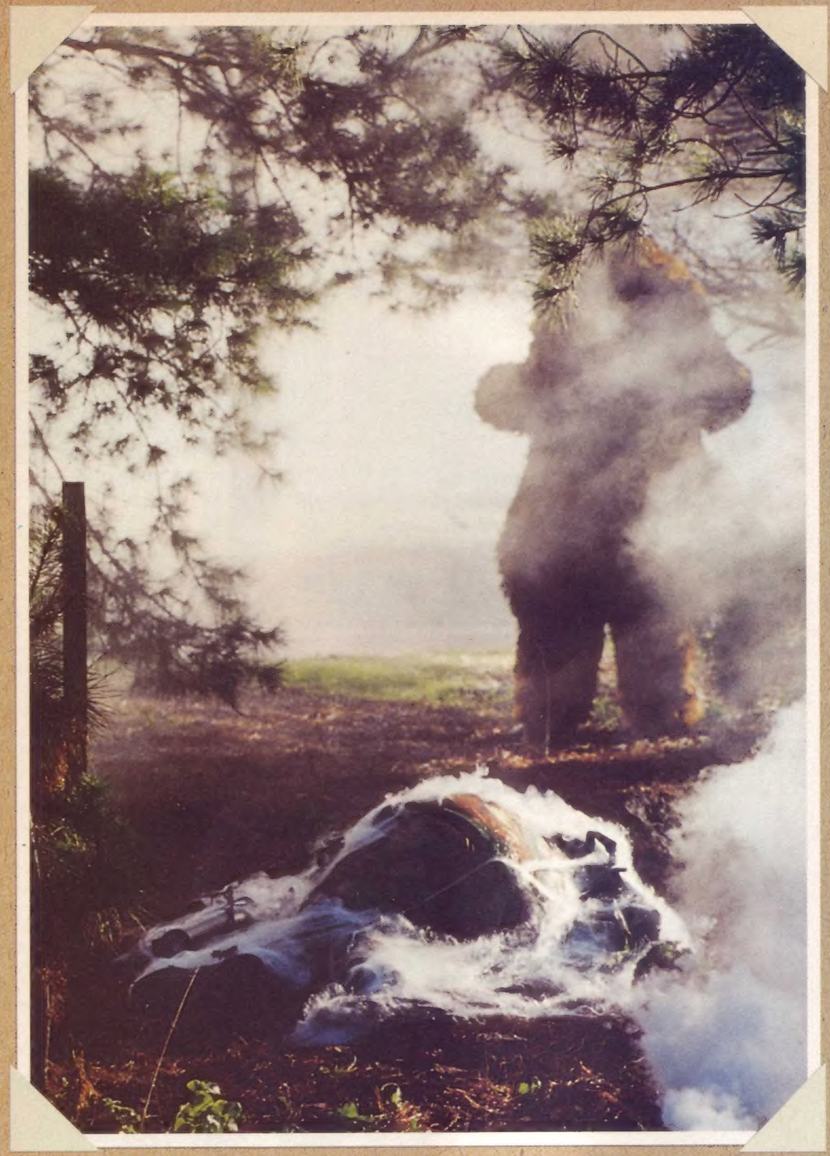
"One of the things that Marc and I were both determined to do was improve the levels of characterisation. One of the things missing from *Doctor Who* as a TV series, and from some of the other peripheral videos, is characterisation. So we discussed what the Brigadier would be like after the events of *Mawdryn Undead*, and what might have happened to him in the time between that story and *Battlefield*. We certainly explore a lot more of his family background, and we meet his daughter for the first time."

At the same time, the story will not disappoint those who pine for *Doctor Who*'s traditional elements of action, suspense and monsters. "There are lots of action sequences and special effects, and there are a lot of very well shot sequences and skilful direction from Christopher Barry that gives the production a television broadcast look and feel."

Christopher Barry is an experienced television director who worked on ten *Doctor Who* stories between 1963 and 1979. "I met him a few years ago when we did *Return to Devil's End*, our video about the making of *The Dæmons*," said Keith. "I was struck by what a really nice bloke he was. He's a total professional and I have an enormous amount of respect for him. I asked him if he would be interested in being involved with *Downtime*, and he told me to send him the script. He liked it and chose to direct."

Writer Marc Platt, best known to fans as the author of the popular Season Twenty-Six *Doctor Who* story *Ghost Light*, joined us at the table. I asked him how the storyline had developed over the years. "I think it was Keith who suggested the Yeti and the Brigadier, and that was the only guideline we had to begin with. Since then, it has gone on expanding and I've added more elements into the mix as they have become available. To begin with, Victoria wasn't part of the story, but now she is in there as the Vice Chancellor of New World University. The university itself was a late addition, as it became clear that we could secure the use of the University of East Anglia as our main location. The action was originally all set around Canary Wharf, which would probably have been 500 times more expensive. Sarah Jane was another late

Dream on!.. Deborah Watling and Nicholas Courtney on location...



Dramatic entrance! A Yeti appears through the mist...

Sarah (Elisabeth Sladen) and Victoria (Deborah Watling) meet for the first time

Nicholas Courtney and Elisabeth Sladen ready for a take

Author Marc Platt chats to director Christopher Barry

addition after Chris Barry looked at one of the parts and said, 'This is Lis Sladen's kind of thing.' Never in our wildest dreams did we image being able to get her, but Chris Barry rang her up and persuaded her to do it – and I had to do another rewrite!"

How does the story fit in with *Doctor Who* continuity? "Seamlessly, I hope! It's set in the present day, and involves advanced computer systems and the Internet. It's twenty years since Victoria left the Doctor and she's been through an awful lot. In many ways she was the most difficult character to write, because she's come so far. I talked to Debbie at length about what we wanted to do, because she's very protective of the character of Victoria. Although all that was a breeze compared to dealing with UNIT continuity! It's 1995, and the Brigadier is still working at the Brendon School of *Mawdryn Undead*, a few years before the events of *Battlefield*. In many ways, I think we explain the changes that occurred in the Brig's life during that time."

Later in the day, a break in the recording of the Brigadier's final showdown with the Great Intelligence allowed Mike Tucker and his collegues from the BBC Visual Effects Unit to set up the pyrotechnics for the story's explosive climax, and offered me the opportunity to chat to some of the stars of the production. Nicholas Courtney was obviously delighted to be back playing Lethbridge-Stewart.

"It's a fabulous story, and a really good Brigadier story, with lots of depth and background added to his character. We meet his daughter from his first marriage, which is nice, and find out more about what was happening at home while he was fighting aliens with UNIT.

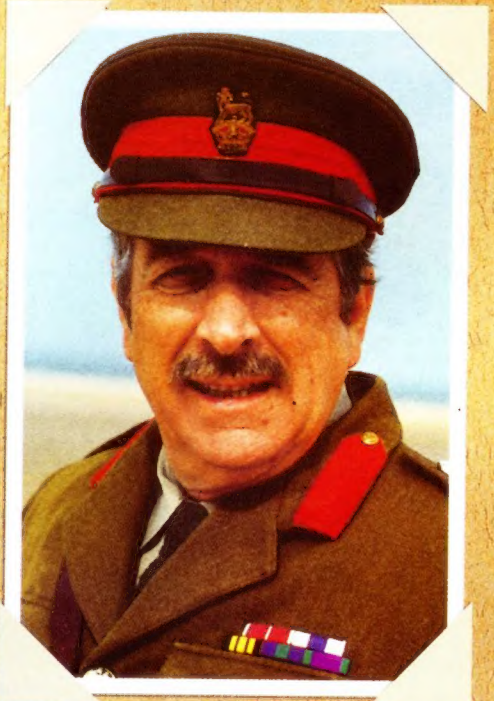
"There's a rather hectic schedule, but it's been brilliantly organised and we're getting an awful lot done in a very short time – just like *Doctor Who*! We've had a few problems with the weather, but we've got a splendid team and everyone works together very well."

Deborah Watling was equally delighted to be involved. "I was terribly disappointed not to do *Downtime* last year, but unfortunately I was tied up with *Don't Dress for Dinner* in London. This year, I'm still in the West End, but I managed to persuade them to give me ten days off to do this, which is unheard of! I'm enjoying myself immensely. Victoria is a fascinating lady in 1995, a strong and powerful woman who's into computers and control systems and lots of other things I don't understand at all! But I'm having a great time. I have tremendous respect for Chris Barry – he's a joy to work with."

A call from the assistant director summoned Debbie and Nick back in front of the cameras, leaving me to talk at length with Elisabeth Sladen, who was power-dressed and ready for her final scene as the go-getting journalist Sarah Jane Smith.

"*Downtime* was mentioned to me as long ago as 1993," she explained. "My dear friend Chris Barry asked if I would be interested in reading a script he was going to direct – he said that he could really see me in it. He didn't say then that it was as Sarah Jane. So I said yes. Then I bumped into him a few times and he said that it was all on the back-burner. Some time passed, and then I got the first full script a few months ago. Keith Barnfather contacted me and asked me what I thought. I said that I quite liked it and asked him how he saw the part. He told me that he actually saw it as Sarah Jane, and would I go for that if he could get the rights to use the name. I asked

Elisabeth Sladen as Sarah Jane Smith



Nicholas Courtney as Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart

Deborah Watling as Victoria Waterfield

if it would then be written more in the style of Sarah Jane, because she deals with situations in a very particular way, and that has to be taken into account. Keith said that if they could get the character, and I was willing to play her, then they would do just that.

"I like the role Sarah plays in the story. She features strongly at the beginning and the end, which I like. I thought about using the name Sarah Jane again and I wondered, 'Oh dear, is that a good idea?' So many years have passed, you see. But then I thought about it some more, and realised that Deborah was using her name, and that Nick was appearing as the Brig. It reads like Sarah Jane, so I decided that we should call a spade a spade and do it as Sarah Jane. I'm glad we did, because it actually came together better."

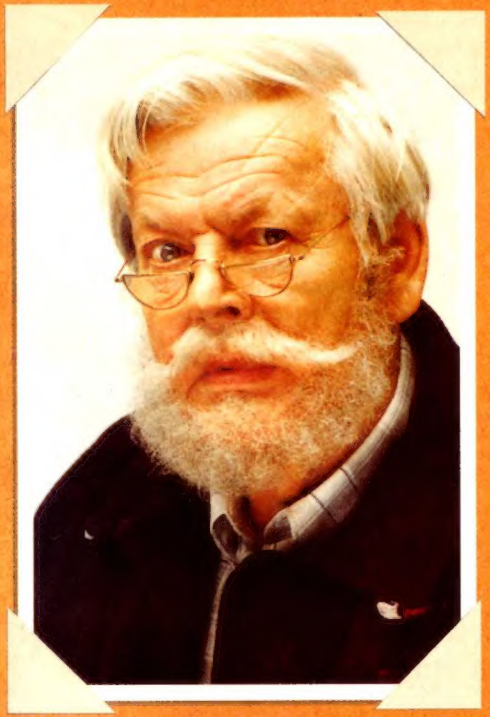
"Sarah is now an extension of me. I understand what makes her tick."

What part does Sarah play in the action? "Well, she's given an assignment by members of the staff of the New World University, but she soon discovers that she hasn't been given all the information. It turns out that they are investigating the Brigadier – and, of course, Sarah wants to know why. This leads her deeper into the mystery at the university."

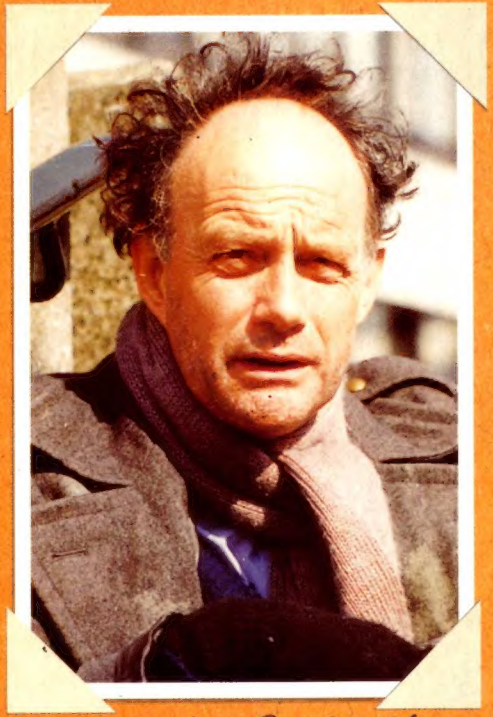
The character of Sarah in *Doctor Who* was essentially very child-like, very innocent. By now she is out on her own and has effectively grown up. Is Sarah a surrogate Doctor in *Downtime* in the same way she was in *K9 and Company*? "The Doctor and Sarah had a very ingenuous kind of friendship, a very lovely friendship. I think that she has come a long way since they parted. I'm not sure who is the Doctor figure in *Downtime*, whether it's me or Nick. I have a line, 'It's wonderful to see you again, Brigadier, and I still don't know what's going on.' Sarah is never the manipulator or the mover. She just keeps her eyes and ears open and she's very quick off the mark."

Lis is evidently very fond of Sarah. "She's now an extension of me. I understand what makes her tick." And she was happy to be back playing her? "Oh yes, because it's such a different format. Not having the Doctor around makes a great difference. I think it allows us much more freedom. I'm playing a character so many years on and that character, although she is the same person, has changed in many ways. If the Doctor were here, we would have to behave exactly as we were, which I don't think is now possible because of the restraints put upon us by that format . . . although, going through some of the scenes as Sarah, I feel very close to the Doctor, as if he is around and watching over us. I really do."

Prior to its video release, *Downtime* will be premiered next month at the PanoptiCon convention in Coventry, which will also be attended by many of the production's cast and crew.



Jack Watling as Professor Travers



Geoffrey Beevers as 'Harrods'

John Leeson as the DJ, Anthony

Vox Pops

William Hartnell forgets his lines, the monsters are home-made and the whole show is "rubbishy trash". Marcus Hearn trawls the BBC's audience research reports on *Doctor Who*, dodging the brickbats along the way . . .

Christmas 1965 saw one of *Doctor Who*'s most overblown excesses. The twelve-part *The Daleks' Master Plan* was, according to legend, instigated at the insistence of the BBC's controller of programmes, Huw Wheldon. Familiar arguments about capitalising on the creatures' popularity and spreading the serial's considerable costs proved short-sighted. The three-month-long serial arguably signalled the beginning of the Dalek overkill that contributed in no small part to a general downturn in the programme's fortunes.

The BBC's audience research department paid especially close attention to *The Daleks' Master Plan*, beginning their examination of the serial with its third episode, *Devil's Planet*. The opinions of the surveyed panel of viewers were decidedly mixed. "Among their number were those who declared they had never been able to understand the popularity of this sort of 'rubbishy trash', while others, in sizeable numbers, appeared to regard the series as more than a little comic, yet in its own way quite fascinating and unaccountably compulsive," claimed the report's author.

A 'civil servant' expressed relief that the show had returned to its science-fiction roots. "I must admit to being an enthusiast for Dr Who, and more particularly when he is in the 'future'. And if the Daleks are in the offing, so much the better." A 'schoolboy' was similarly impressed. "I love *Dr Who* but enjoy the futuristic episodes, specially those with the Daleks, much more than the historical ones. This adventure is simply super."

"Generally speaking, its appeal for adults is limited," continued the report, reinforcing the observation with a quote which typified the bemusement experienced by the nation's parents. "I cannot for the life of me see what my children find so fascinating about this rubbish," wrote one beleaguered mother, "but fascinated they certainly are, so it must have something. They go absolutely mad about the Daleks. God knows why."

Below left: Jean Marsh as Sara Kingdom poses for the press.

Below right: The ageing to death of Sara Kingdom at the climax to *The Daleks' Master Plan* – "a bit too 'nasty' even for such a juvenile space-fiction adventure as *Dr Who*" Photo © Barry Newbery

"Probably good of its type" was one of the more guarded opinions floated on *Counter Plot*, the serial's fifth episode. "It is clear from comment that many adults consider the *Dr Who* stories excellent entertainment by any standard," the report noted. "For them the series, with its imaginative inventiveness, exciting plots and wonderful characterization was science/space fiction of the highest order – a programme they always thoroughly enjoyed and would never willingly miss."

In some quarters, however, the novelty was beginning to wear decidedly thin. " . . . a number declared that both they and their children had become 'very bored' with *Dr Who* – 'I used to watch this as eagerly as the kids but even they have gone off *Dr Who* now. They say it's 'always the same' and 'there's never anything new any more.'"

Even the Yuletide celebrations could not withstand *The Daleks' Master Plan* as the seventh episode, perhaps the most bizarre corner of *Doctor Who*'s entire history, was transmitted on 25th December. "One of the worst programmes I have ever seen and definitely not Christmas material," fumed a 'laboratory assistant' questioned about *The Feast of Steven*. Close on half the sampled audience had "no good word" for this slice of sci-fi slapstick, which was also greeted with a sizeable ratings dip. "The largest proportion of viewers evidently considered it ludicrous from beginning to end, and untolerably noisy into the bargain. It was suggested here that this was very much a 'stop-gap' piece of writing, artificially contrived to have a 'Christmas' content." Another panellist sneered, "apart from the noise, confusion and utter stupidity of the whole thing, I don't think it was written – it just happened."

Bearing in mind producer John Wiles' fruitless attempts to involve the cast of *Z Cars* in a scene where the TARDIS materialises at a police station in Liverpool, it was perhaps ironic that one viewer admitted that "I thought Dr Who and Co had joined *Z Cars* at the beginning of the story."

The chase sequence with the Keystone Cops on the Hollywood backlot was "clumsy, slow and lacking in precision" according to 'a housewife', who was only consoled by the sight of William Hartnell, "still unruffled despite the noise of the studio which was frightful."

Those believing the episode "very good fun" and "in keeping with the festive season" comprised a quiet minority.

Perhaps the most outrageous element of *The Feast of Steven*, the Doctor toasting the viewers at home, went seemingly unnoticed by the audience research department's otherwise discerning panel. In *Volcano*, the following week's episode, the TARDIS' materialisation amidst a cricket match at the Oval was similarly ignored as broader issues were addressed. "Whole show awful" was the succinct verdict of one viewer. "The film of the hot springs behind the studio setting was very obvious, as was the tarpaulin which was supposed to be the rocks," commented an eagle-eyed scenery-spotter.

Others were simply becoming weary of the Doctor's struggle against the Daleks, the addition of Peter Butterworth's time meddling monk into the mix being of little consolation. The report's author conveyed the feeling that "it had got into a rut, was repetitive, becoming too fantastic, and the Daleks were getting played out, according to comment from viewers whose interest was on the wane."

Left:
The Gunfighters "fell absolutely flat' in the opinion of the sample audience. Photo © BBC

Below centre:
"The rather feeble battle between Egyptians and Daleks" from *The Daleks' Master Plan*. Photo © Barry Newbery

Roughly a quarter of the 233 people surveyed enjoyed *Volcano*, returning comments such as "A very good episode, particularly the well thought-out difficulties and the solving of them by Dr Who."

One panellist, however, confessed to finding the plot's twists and turns increasingly difficult to follow. "The storyline gets more and more complicated. Only *Who* addicts would follow this episode."

Peter Butterworth received special mention for making *Escape Switch*, the tenth episode of *The Daleks' Master Plan*, "a bit more human." Elsewhere, the "picturesque nonsense" was "just Daleks, Daleks, Daleks. For a programme with a wealth of possibilities it has become very dull.

The report's author, who seemed to be labouring under the misapprehension that *Doctor Who* was in fact a radio programme, noted "Evidently these listeners are tiring a bit of Dr Who's adventures with the taranium core, finding them now rather protracted and predictable, and they seem to have found this episode just 'the mixture as before', and lacking in excitement or novelty."

While many viewers praised the show's production values (the Dalek extermination effect proved particularly popular) certain elements didn't fare so well with others. The report highlighted "the rather feeble battle between Egyptians and Daleks, and because of sloppy cueing . . . actors were seen to be hanging about in readiness at the beginnings of scenes."

The Daleks' Master Plan concluded with *The Destruction of Time*, broadcast on 29th January 1966. "It may be said," the report noted, "that if adult viewers start by 'tolerating' this serial for the sake of their children, it seems clear that they often find it has its attractions and on this occasion there were, in fact, plenty who considered *Dr Who* excellent entertainment by any standards."

The 274 panellists interviewed predominantly came out in favour of the climactic episode, although eyebrows were raised over the gruesome death of the Doctor's latest travelling companion. "Packed with action and momentous events, not the least of which was the 'horrifyingly' rapid ageing and final disintegration of Sara caused by the activitating of the 'time destructor', this episode had brought Dr Who's adventure on the planet Kemble [sic] to a spectacular close . . . The disintegration of Sara caused them some unease – this was a bit too 'nasty' even for such a juvenile space-fiction adventure as *Dr Who*, in their opinion – but again the whole serial was so naive that it was impossible to take even this 'horrible' event seriously."

Following the Dalek epic, *Doctor Who*'s critical fortunes picked up with a spririted jaunt to the time of *The Massacre of St Bartholomew's Eve* and a crowd pleasing science-fiction number in *The Ark*. By the time the audience research department next turned their attentions to Doctor Who, however, things had become very strange indeed. *The Celestial Toymaker*, a surreal if modestly-staged fantasy, was quite unlike anything the programme had seen before. Although the survey took place on the transmission of the last episode, *The Final Test*, viewers' opinions were invited on the preceding instalments as well. "The sample was asked to comment on *The Celestial Toymaker* adventure as a whole, and from their replies it was clear that many of them did not care for this departure into the realm of 'fantasy gone mad'; it was too far removed from the original conception of Dr Who's travels through space and time, they claimed, and there was widespread support for the viewer who declared 'we can accept adventure into space, yes; back into history and even pre-history yes; but this dabbling in pure whimsy, no'.

"The games were very difficult for children to understand," the report continued, "especially as the rules were not clearly explained at the outset and the dolls' persistent cheating made them all the more confusing: there was nothing mysterious or thrilling about this 'drawn-out series of glorified Snakes and Ladders', it seems, and a minority dismissed it as 'ridiculous rubbish'; in their view it was a complete waste of time and talent, and it was suggested (not infrequently) that it was time the series was rested as 'ideas are evidently running out.'"

When specifically asked about *The Final Test*, things didn't get much better. " . . . they found nothing very exciting in the closing moves of the game between Dr Who and the Toymaker (a handful remarking that they knew all along that Dr Who would get out of this 'impossible' situation 'with absurdly impossible ease'), or in the game that Stephen and Dodo played with the doll, Cyril. There was not enough action, according to a sizeable group who obviously soon got tired of watching their leaps from triangle to triangle, and of Cyril's 'very predictable' attempts to cheat; some, too, protested that the acting was either 'ham' or under-rehearsed."

Bouquets came with praise for Toymaker Michael Gough ("the redeeming feature of the episode") and "the imaginative production . . . The ending was cleverly contrived, added several who applauded the ingenuity of the Doctor's solution to his apparently insoluble problem of how to make the final move in the game from the safety of the Tardis in order to avoid being destroyed along with the whole of the Toymaker's world."

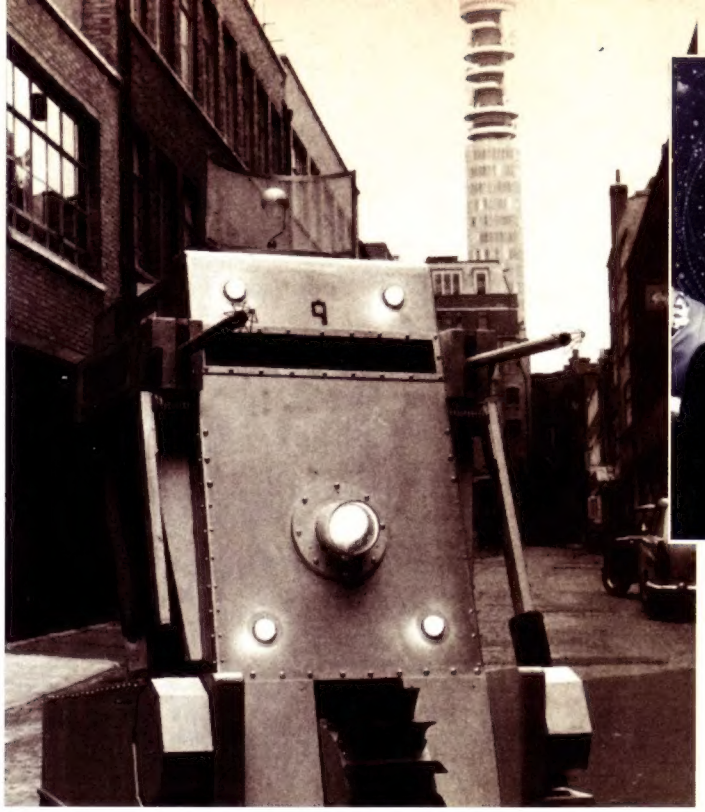
As Season Three progressed, dwindling audience figures were joined by a plummeting reaction index for *The Gunfighters*, another audacious exercise in experimenting with *Doctor Who*'s format. The audience research report for episode four made for painful reading. "The OK Corral story in general and this final episode in particular came under the same sort of critical barrage from the viewers in the sample."

As if in response to general audience apathy toward the serial, a mere 192 viewers were invited to comment on the Doctor's gunslinging adventure. "A majority evidently neither liked the idea of 'Dr Who and his team' being placed in the Wild West setting nor did they consider the story good as Westerns go . . . Perhaps if the OK Corral had not seemed to them so much of a tenth rate Western, some of the reporting viewers might have been better pleased. As it was, it all 'fell absolutely flat', many obviously felt, being ridiculous in its story and the way Dr Who was involved, and corny in its script."

The sniping was relentless. "The final episode was apparently widely considered even more idiotic than the preceding ones, with a good deal of gratuitous violence thrown in ('all that shooting for such ridiculously trifling misdemeanours'): 'The story was hackneyed, ridiculous and dull'; 'A weak and puerile plot'; 'The script, even for a children's programme, was absolute rubbish'; 'Appeared crude even beside the worst that reaches us from America.'"

The opinions of "the small minority" who "like Westerns anyway" and enjoyed the change from the usual science-fiction hardly seemed to matter in the face of such a critical onslaught. The last nail in this Tombstone coffin was hammered in by some heartfelt appreciation of the serial's players: "This episode was 'so insincerely acted', it was said, as to give the impression of being 'put on by the local Sunday school'."

The stigma of *The Gunfighters* refused to go away, troubling the show's production team (who would soon abandon historical stories altogether) and even creeping into the audience research report for



Above: One of *The War Machines* – "poor relation" to a Dalek.

Above right and far right: Scenes from *The Savages* – a "super smashing" story? Photos © BBC

The Savages. "At least this particular adventure wasn't one of those boring historical ones and it was miles better than that awful Wild West affair, but even so I couldn't work up much interest," began the verdict on Episode 4.

Although viewers were generally "somewhat indifferent", one particular group among the 141 surveyed felt this particular expedition had been "one of Dr Who's most eventful, thrilling and exciting to date."

"The kids liked this adventure and said it was 'super smashing'," commented another viewer, "but then they still think the series marvellous, unlike me, who tired of it long since."

Elsewhere, the story was cautiously received " . . . even if, considered dispassionately, the story compared favourably with most of Dr Who's previous expeditions into the future, many viewers in the sample admitted that they had lost their appetite for a series which, in their opinion, had gone on far too long."

The idea of a computer being able to think for itself in *The War Machines*, the last Hartnell story reviewed by the audience researchers, was labelled "preposterous" by a large number of panellists. "I like science fiction but this was ridiculous," was typical of the more cynical opinion. "A sizeable number compared the War Machines with the Daleks ('very poor relations'), and claimed it was all too clear that new ideas were running out; it was time the programme was rested, they declared."

Others, however, felt that the programme had at last experimented in a constructive direction. "It made a pleasant change to see Dr Who in contemporary London, apparently, and several remarked that he was 'right back on form' dealing with these robot monsters; for them the science-fiction adventures were always preferable, it seems, to those set in past times. It was an exciting and 'almost frighteningly convincing' story, said a handful, one or two of whom regarded it as a timely warning that one day we might find ourselves ruled by machines."

The machines, however, were the weak link in the whole affair according to 'a housewife' who condemned them as "reminiscent of objects my two small sons might have knocked up between them'."

Life for the Doctor – in the form of the incoming Patrick Troughton – could only get easier. ◆

NB: All inaccuracies in quoted passages are reproduced directly from the original reports.

"No one in the cast would get an Oscar for acting but they are all good enough," said 'an engineer' after viewing *Devil's Planet*. The show's lead, nevertheless, was singled out for adverse comment. "There was a fair amount of criticism for William Hartnell, who was thought to have exaggerated the 'fussiness' of Dr Who, and who too often, and very obviously, forgot his lines."

He fared little better at the mercy of those watching *Volcano*: "William Hartnell as Dr Who was irritating and 'hammy', in one or two opinions ('as usual overplayed, making leading part ridiculous')."

When given Peter Butterworth as a comic foil in *Escape Switch*, Hartnell fared much better. His performance was one of the only elements singled out for any praise at all during the disastrous report on *The Gunfighters* ("a performance as Dr Who that was as good as ever") and the regular cast in general had, it was felt, "given of their best" during *The Savages*.

The TARDIS crew were once more damned with faint praise for *The War Machines*. "There was special praise for the cast's success in playing 'such rubbish' with conviction."

Hostility towards the show's lead actor was by no means particular to the Hartnell era: the casting of Patrick Troughton would, at least initially, induce nostalgia among even the strongest critics . . .

Dressed to Kill

One-time BBC costume designer **John Bloomfield** has gone on to forge a successful career in the film industry, his name appearing on many major international movies. He took time off from work on the forthcoming Kevin Costner epic *Waterworld* to talk to **Philip Newman** about his designs for *The Face of Evil* and *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*.

"I actually started as a set designer in the theatre," says John Bloomfield, "but I got into costume design – the two jobs are linked anyway – and became more and more involved in that as time went on. Then I saw an advertisement for a job at the BBC, which I got purely on the strength of my portfolio, as I had only worked in the theatre up until that point. I joined in 1969, around the time when colour television started, and tended to do big, heavy drama productions like *The Six Wives of Henry VIII*, *Poldark* and the BBC Shakespeare, as well as things like *Play of the Month* and *The Devil's Crown*."

John made his *Doctor Who* debut in 1976, designing the costumes for Chris Boucher's four-part story *The Face of Evil*. "I did it basically because James Acheson, who was the regular costume designer on the show at that time, went sick, I think. *Doctor Who* was no great part of my life – I'd never been a fan or watched it at all before – so it was rather nerve-wracking and quite daunting when I was suddenly asked, 'Will you do this?', but I got on quite well and there were no problems. By far the most memorable aspect of *The Face of Evil*, though, was having the opportunity to establish the costume for Louise Jameson as the new companion. That was a big thing to be responsible for."

Leela's revealing leather outfit certainly provoked a strong reaction from both the press and the show's audience when the story was broadcast. "Well, Louise is a very attractive lady, so I thought, 'Let's show it! Don't cover it up, that's what I say!' It never crossed my mind to do

"I actually made three different costumes for Louise – as well as a set of underwear!"

anything else. I liked Louise very much and she looked good, I thought. The costume itself was made from odd pieces of different leather skins tied together and decorated with red stitching and paint, and she also had a pair of leather boots.

"I felt it was very important to establish and contrast these two very strange civilisations, the savage and the high-tech. That's how the green and pink outfits [for the Tesh] came about; I just wanted to do something quite different. Actually, I thought about the savage costumes quite a lot when I was doing the film *Conan the Barbarian* some years later. There was a character in that who was quite like Leela, so I re-used various elements of the costume ideas I'd originally had for *Doctor Who*."

After *The Face of Evil*, John moved directly to the six-part finale of the season, Robert Holmes' *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*. "Yes, the work was continuous. As soon as I'd finished one, I started on the other." *Talons* is often acclaimed as one of *Doctor Who*'s finest productions. "Well, it probably looked quite lavish and expensive because it was! I think the budget was actually quite high. In a way, it was probably a good thing just coming in and doing only a couple, because I didn't get involved in any battles or political disputes that I might otherwise have been had I been a regular member of the team. But I knew I wasn't going to be involved again, so nobody shouted at me or queried what I was doing.

"*Talons* was all set in the Victorian era, so I felt they had to relate to that period of time very specifically. I thought it would be a good idea to dress Tom Baker to make him look like Sherlock Holmes, so I gave him a big checked cape, a deerstalker hat and a coat. The jacket was made from a dark red cotton velvet and the waistcoat from a cotton-based furnishing fabric that I found. The cape was made from a lightweight tweed, and I appliquéd braids and ribbon on to it to make the check pattern. I actually made three different costumes for Louise – as well as a set of underwear! – which was very unusual at that time. The Victorian bicycle-girl outfit had corduroy trousers and a cotton jacket which, again, had braid and ribbons appliquéd on top."

Looking at the illustrations reproduced here (which indicate that

Leela was originally to wear a head-band in *The Face of Evil* and that the Doctor's Victorian costume was to include both his scarf and a top hat), I was intrigued by the way John actually composes his design drawings as a type of collage made up from coloured newspaper and magazine cuttings. "Everyone comments on it," he says, "but I've always done my designs like that."

John was one of several members of the *Talons* production team who were filmed as part of the 1977 *Lively Arts* documentary, *Whose Doctor Who*. In John's case, he was captured working on the story's infamous giant rat. "Yes, I vaguely remember them shooting that. Today, of course, something like the giant rat would be done as an amazing animatronic creature instead of an actor dressed in a costume – but there was no high-tech stuff like that in those days, though I suppose that was really part of the charm of *Doctor Who*."

John remembers one aspect of *The Talons of Weng-Chiang* with particular affection. "Part of it was filmed in a beautiful old theatre in Northampton, and I enjoyed that very much. It was marvellous, because we used the mechanics of the theatre, too – the flies, the wings and so on. It was really like going back in my own personal history to my time in the theatre. It was fun to do. I suppose, given my background, I was well suited to doing *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*!"

I was keen to discover a little more about the kind of work John has been doing since leaving the BBC. "Well, in a way, I've kept doing the same sort of things. The films I've done have always been slightly strange 'period' movies. I designed the costumes for *Conan the Barbarian* and *Conan the Destroyer* which starred Arnold Schwarzenegger, *The Bounty* with Mel Gibson and Anthony Hopkins, and *Robin Hood – Prince of Thieves* with Kevin Costner, and I'm currently working on another film with Kevin Costner called *Waterworld*. It's a sort of medieval sci-fi movie set in the future, but it's very different from *Doctor Who*! I mean, at times we've had over a thousand extras on the lot, all in costume and make-up. We certainly never got that on *Doctor Who* – though it doesn't make it any better, of course."

I asked John how he felt about the possibility of a new *Doctor Who* series being made in Hollywood. "Well, I don't in any way hold a flag for the way *Doctor Who* used to be done – that sort of thing wouldn't interest me at all – but, if he does it, I'll be interested to see what Spielberg or his like make of it, because he instils a very distinct personal point of view and outlook in all his work. And, of course, I'd be interested in working on the new series, too!" ◆

"I thought it would be a good idea to dress Tom Baker to make him look like Sherlock Holmes."

PREVIEW THEATER
NOK NOK
?
AH. HELLO. IS MISTER STAHR IN THERE WITH YOU?
WELL, SORTA, YEAH...
COULD I JUST HAVE A WORD WITH HIM?
YOU CAN TRY, BUD...
...BUT I RECKON YOU'LL FIND HE'S KINDA LOST HIS TONGUE.
THE CURSE OF THE SCARAB
PART TWO
STORY: ALAN BARNES
ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
LETTERING: ELITTA FELL
EDITOR: GARY GILLATT

LOST ON THE LOT. LOST IN A ONE-HORSE, TWO-D GHOST TOWN.
HOLLY
SALOON

YOU SEEM A LITTLE MISPLACED, MISS BROWN.
PERHAPS I CAN HELP.
HUH..?

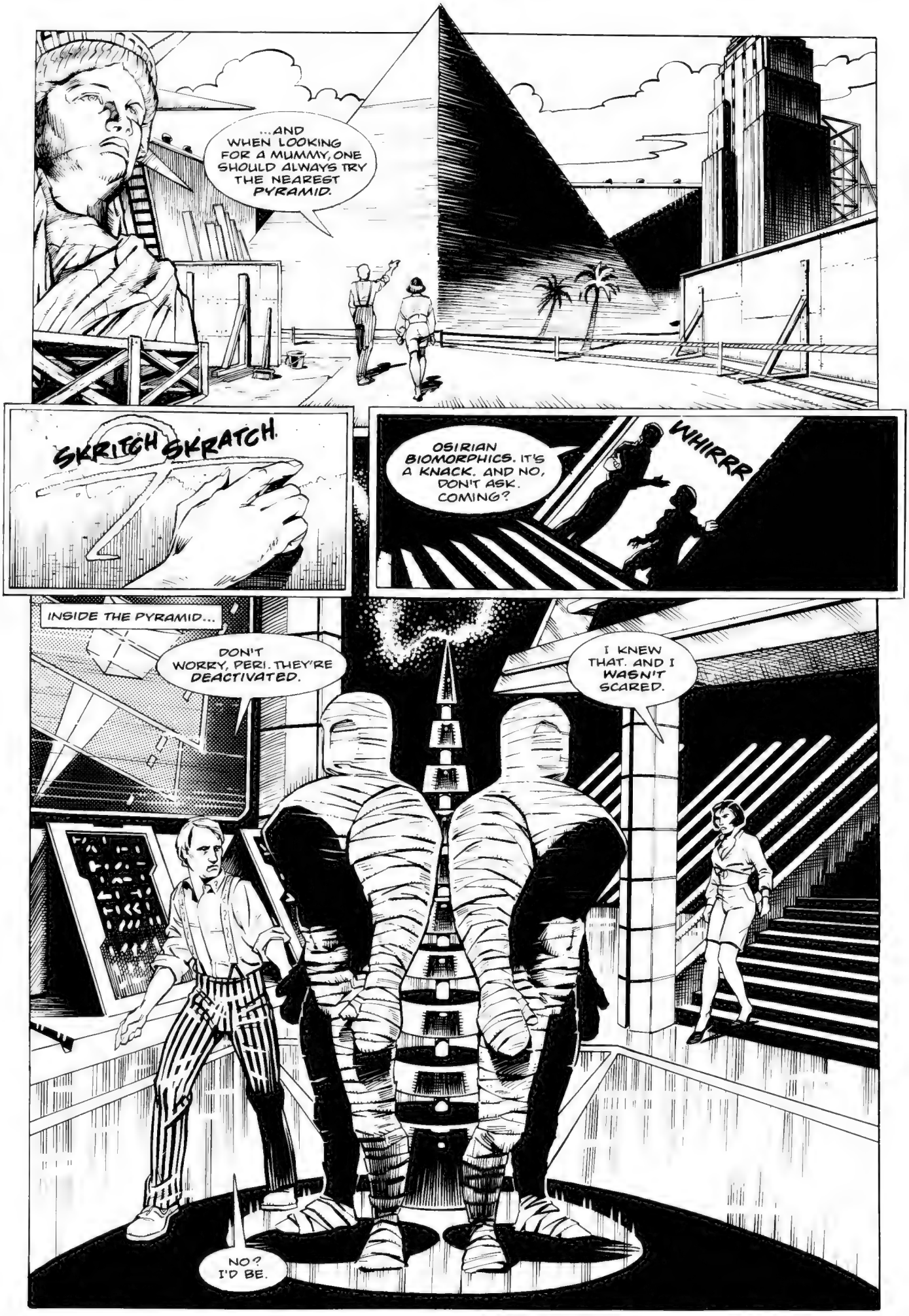
ELSEWHERE...
MISTER RAKOFF, HOW WILL YOUR PRODUCER'S SUDDEN DEMISE AFFECT WORK ON THE CURSE OF THE SCARAB?
NOT AT ALL. MONROE STAHR WAS A FINE AMERICAN CITIZEN WHO BELIEVED IN FISCAL PRUDENCE ABOVE ALL ELSE.
IN THAT SPIRIT, THE SHOW MUST GO ON.

I THINK A PART OF MONROE WILL ALWAYS BE WITH US...
THIS AFTERNOON'S SHOOT WILL PROCEED AS SCHEDULED.

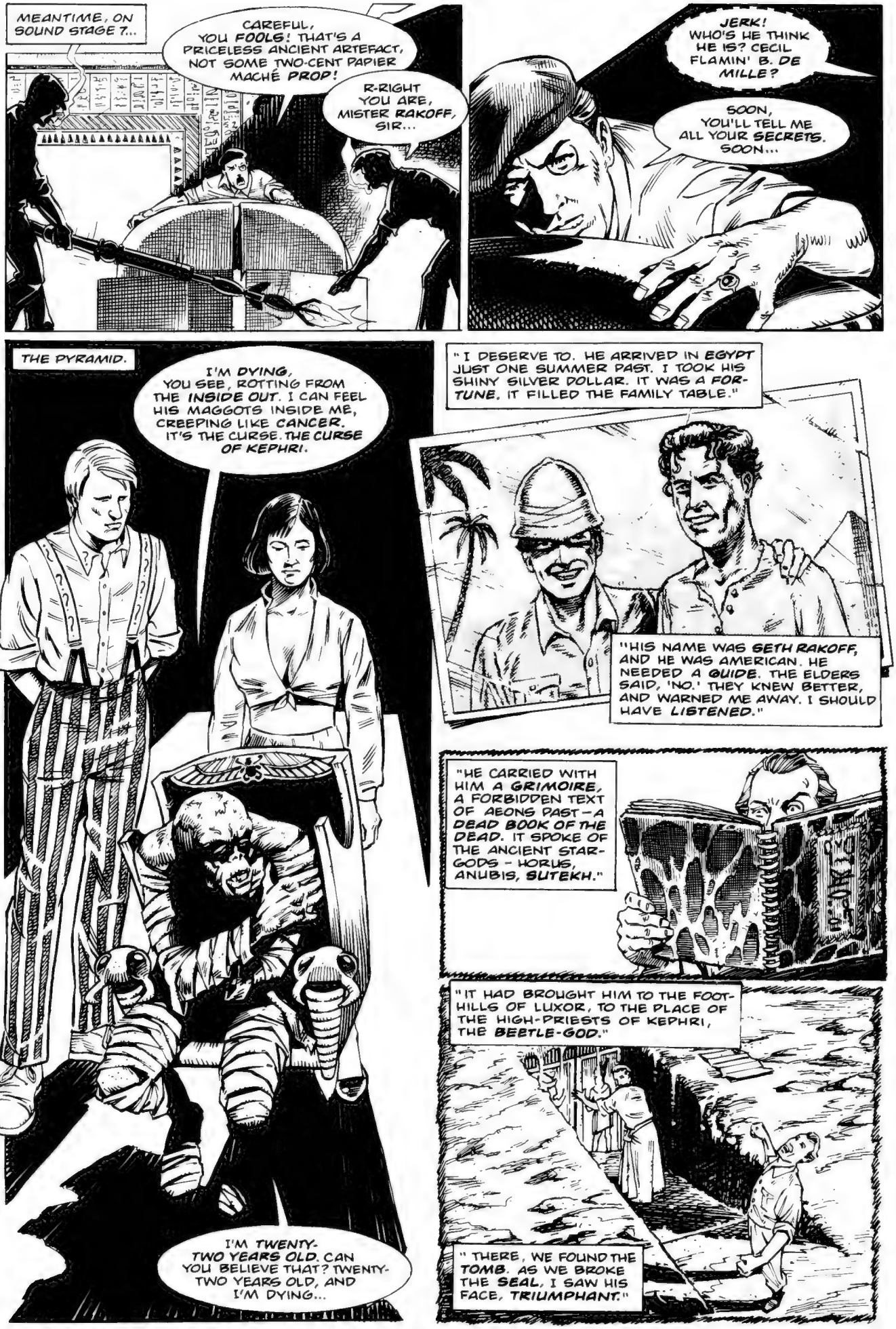
DOCTOR! DOCTOR, WHERE'VE YOU BEEN? I'VE BEEN SEARCHING FOR YOU EVERYWHERE!
PROBABLY. STAHR'S DEAD, PERI. WHERE'S YOUR ACTOR FRIEND?
STILL IN HIS DRESSING-ROOM, I GUESS...

YOU GUESS WRONG. I LOOKED.
STAHR WAS GUTTED, AND MOST OF HIS INTERNAL ORGANS REMOVED. THEY FOUND FRAGMENTS OF BANDAGE BESIDE HIS BODY. WE HAVE TO FIND RASCHID BEFORE THE POLICE DO...
?
IF I'M RIGHT, THIS ONE DEATH COULD BE JUST THE START.
BUT HE COULD BE ANYWHERE!

NONSENSE. WE'RE LOOKING FOR A MUMMY...


...AND WHEN LOOKING FOR A MUMMY, ONE SHOULD ALWAYS TRY THE NEAREST PYRAMID.
SKRITCH SKRATCH
OSIRIAN BIOMORPHICS. IT'S A KNACK. AND NO, DON'T ASK. COMING?
WHIRRR
INSIDE THE PYRAMID...
DON'T WORRY, PERI. THEY'RE DEACTIVATED.
I KNEW THAT. AND I WASN'T SCARED.
NO? I'D BE.

VERY NASTY.
WHAT'RE THESE FOR, D'YOU THINK?
NO, PERI, DON'T—
ICK.
CANOPIC JARS CONTAINING HUMAN HEART, LIVER, TONGUE AND... ER, INTESTINE. STAHR'S, PRESUMABLY. BUT WHY?
THESE ARE TOTEMS, USED IN THE FORBIDDEN MAGICKS OF PHAESTER OSIRIS...
...USED TO RAISE THE DEAD.


MEANTIME, ON SOUND STAGE 7...
CAREFUL, YOU FOOLS! THAT'S A PRICELESS ANCIENT ARTEFACT, NOT SOME TWO-CENT PAPIER MACHÉ PROP!
R-RIGHT YOU ARE, MISTER RAKOFF, SIR...
JERK! WHO'S HE THINK HE IS? CECIL FLAMIN' B. DE MILLE?
SOON, YOU'LL TELL ME ALL YOUR SECRETS. SOON...
THE PYRAMID.
I'M DYING, YOU SEE, ROTTING FROM THE INSIDE OUT. I CAN FEEL HIS MAGGOTS INSIDE ME, CREEPING LIKE CANCER. IT'S THE CURSE. THE CURSE OF KEPHRI.
I'M TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? TWENTY-TWO YEARS OLD, AND I'M DYING...
"I DESERVE TO. HE ARRIVED IN EGYPT JUST ONE SUMMER PAST. I TOOK HIS SHINY SILVER DOLLAR. IT WAS A FORTUNE. IT FILLED THE FAMILY TABLE."
"HIS NAME WAS SETH RAKOFF, AND HE WAS AMERICAN. HE NEEDED A GUIDE. THE ELDERS SAID, 'NO.' THEY KNEW BETTER, AND WARNED ME AWAY. I SHOULD HAVE LISTENED."
"HE CARRIED WITH HIM A GRIMOIRE, A FORBIDDEN TEXT OF AEONS PAST – A DEAD BOOK OF THE DEAD. IT SPOKE OF THE ANCIENT STAR-GODS – HORUS, ANUBIS, SUTEKH."
"IT HAD BROUGHT HIM TO THE FOOTHILLS OF LUXOR, TO THE PLACE OF THE HIGH-PRIESTS OF KEPHRI, THE BEETLE-GOD."
"THERE, WE FOUND THE TOMB. AS WE BROKE THE SEAL, I SAW HIS FACE, TRIUMPHANT."

"THE MOUTH OF THE TOMB YAWNED OPEN, HUNGRY, BECKONING. I WAS FIRST INSIDE."
"AND THEN CAME THE NOISE, AND THE INSECTS."
"THE SOUND WAS SUFFOCATING. THE BUZZING VOICE OF A THOUSAND TINY WINGS."
"IT HURT."
"AND THEN THEY WERE GONE, AND I OPENED MY EYES..."
"AND I SAW SUCH WONDERFUL THINGS."
"RAKOFF BOUGHT HIS WAY OUT OF CAIRO, BROUGHT THE TREASURES WITH HIM, PACKED IN CRATES. I BELONGED WITH THEM, WITH KEPHRI."
kephri... kephri... kephri...
"THE BEETLE-GOD WOULD COME TO ME AT NIGHT, WHISPER TO ME IN A LANGUAGE WE SHOULDN'T UNDERSTAND. BUT I DID. I NEVER SLEPT. AND SLOWLY, THE CURSE CREPT UP UPON ME..."
"I HAD NO CHOICE. SOMEHOW, KEPHRI HELD ME, BODY AND SOUL."
HE'S GOING TO STAGE AN INVOCATION, A RESURRECTION. HE READ IT IN THE BOOK, THEN WROTE IT INTO THE FILM SCRIPT. HE'LL CRACK THE SCARABEUS WIDE OPEN...
HE THINKS THAT KEPHRI LIES INSIDE. HE'S GOING TO LET IT OUT. HE IS GOING TO WAKE THE BEETLE-GOD!

TO BE CONCLUDED...

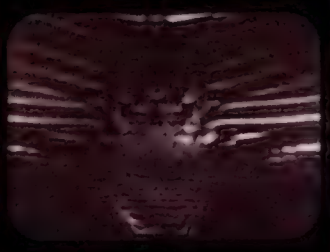
The Abominable Snowmen

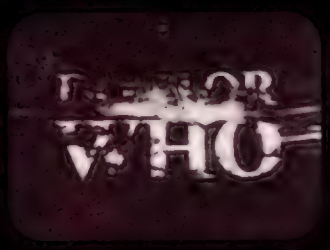
Episode Six

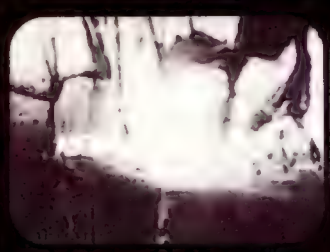
by
Mervyn Haisman
& Henry Lincoln

directed by
Gerald Blake

transmitted
4th November
1967







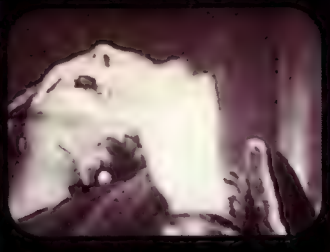
High above the monastery, the ectoplasm is now spewing out from the cave mouth onto the mountainside.

Travers relates what happened inside the cave. "Songsten, says the Doctor, "He's the link I've been looking for!" Thonmi points out that Khrisong has gone after the Abbott. Fearing for the warrior's safety, the Doctor and Thonmi head for the inner sanctum.

As Khrisong informs the Abbot that he is in great danger, the harsh voice of Padmasambhava demands to know where the warrior obtained this belief. "Don't try and frighten me," he replies, and tells the Abbott that it is the master who has been controlling the Yeti.

Padmasambhava gently forgives the accusations but tells the Abbot that Khrisong must not be allowed to leave. The master places Songsten in a trance before inviting them both to enter the inner sanctum.

Are you afraid?" taunts Padmasambhava, as Khrisong hesitates before entering. As he steps over the threshold, Songsten savagely stabs the warrior in the back.



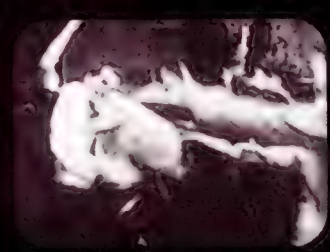
Mortally wounded, Khrisong turns to look at Songsten in horrified disbelief. He slowly slumps to the floor.

"You have done well, Songsten," the master states, rising from his chair.

"Why are you making me do this?" Padmasambhava feebly asks. "Release me, I beg of you!" His voice abruptly changes as he addresses the Abbott. "You will now go forth with the monks. You will never return," he orders.

Travers and Thonmi find Khrisong and accuse the Abbott of killing him. They are rudely interrupted by the master's harsh tones. "Songsten, kill them!"

"Look out!" cries the Doctor as the possessed Abbot hurls himself towards them. Jamie and Thonmi tackle Songsten, eventually pinning him to the floor. "Get him out of here!" yells the Doctor.



With his dying words, Khrisong tells the Doctor that the monks must not blame Songsten. As the Doctor leaves the fallen warrior, the sanctum is filled with the maniacal laughter of Padmasambhava.

Thonmi informs the other monks of Khrisong's death at the hand of their own Abbott. "What reason would he have for doing such a vile thing?" wonders Sapan.

"Obviously, he thought Khrisong knew too much," ventures Jamie. "Is this true?" Sapan asks the Abbott.

Songsten suddenly lunges towards them and Jamie prepares to do battle with the crazed monk. "Stop!" Thonmi cries. "This is no time for rashness!"

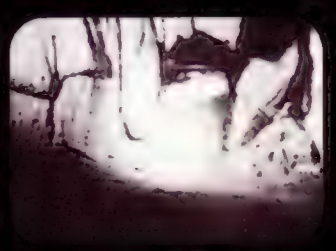
He is quite right," states the Doctor, entering the courtyard. "Kill them, kill them!" Songsten spits as Thonmi explains that the Abbott was made to kill Khrisong. "He is merely a puppet," confirms the Doctor. "Who has done this to him?" demands Sapan.

Thonmi describes how Songsten was placed in a trance by the master. "Have a care what you say," warns Sapan. "Your Abbott is not responsible," the Doctor explains, "But neither is Padmasambhava. He too is controlled." He urges the monks to leave.

The monks decide to follow the Doctor's advice and prepare to go. The Doctor asks Thonmi to assist him. Jamie reports that Songsten has now fallen unconscious. The Doctor moves forward to attempt to question him.

Meanwhile, Travers convinces Ralpachan to accompany him to the cave and destroy the pyramid. "What are you going to do?" the guard asks. "Take a shot at it with this," Travers replies, brandishing his rifle.

The physical embodiment of the Great Intelligence has now covered most of the area surrounding the cave.



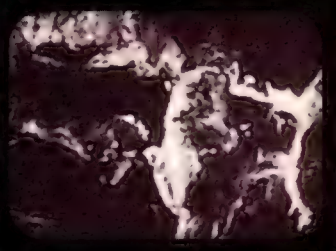
The Doctor asks Songsten if the Intelligence is confined to the cave. "No," he replies. "It has broken its promise, now it demands the whole mountain."

The Doctor learns that Padmasambhava, aided by the Great Intelligence, laboured for nearly 200 years building the Yeti and the other machines. The Doctor presses him further and asks where the machine that controls the Yeti is located.

"In the sanctum," the Abbot slowly replies. "Behind the throne there is a hidden room." The Doctor asks how he can gain access to this room but Songsten slips back into unconsciousness.

Padmasambhava's decrepit hand takes three of the model Yeti and repositions them closer to the monastery.

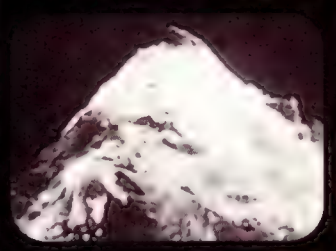
Out on the mountainside, three Yeti begin to lumber slowly down towards the monastery. Seeing the robots, Ralpachan wonders if they should return and warn the monks. Travers favours pressing on to the cave.



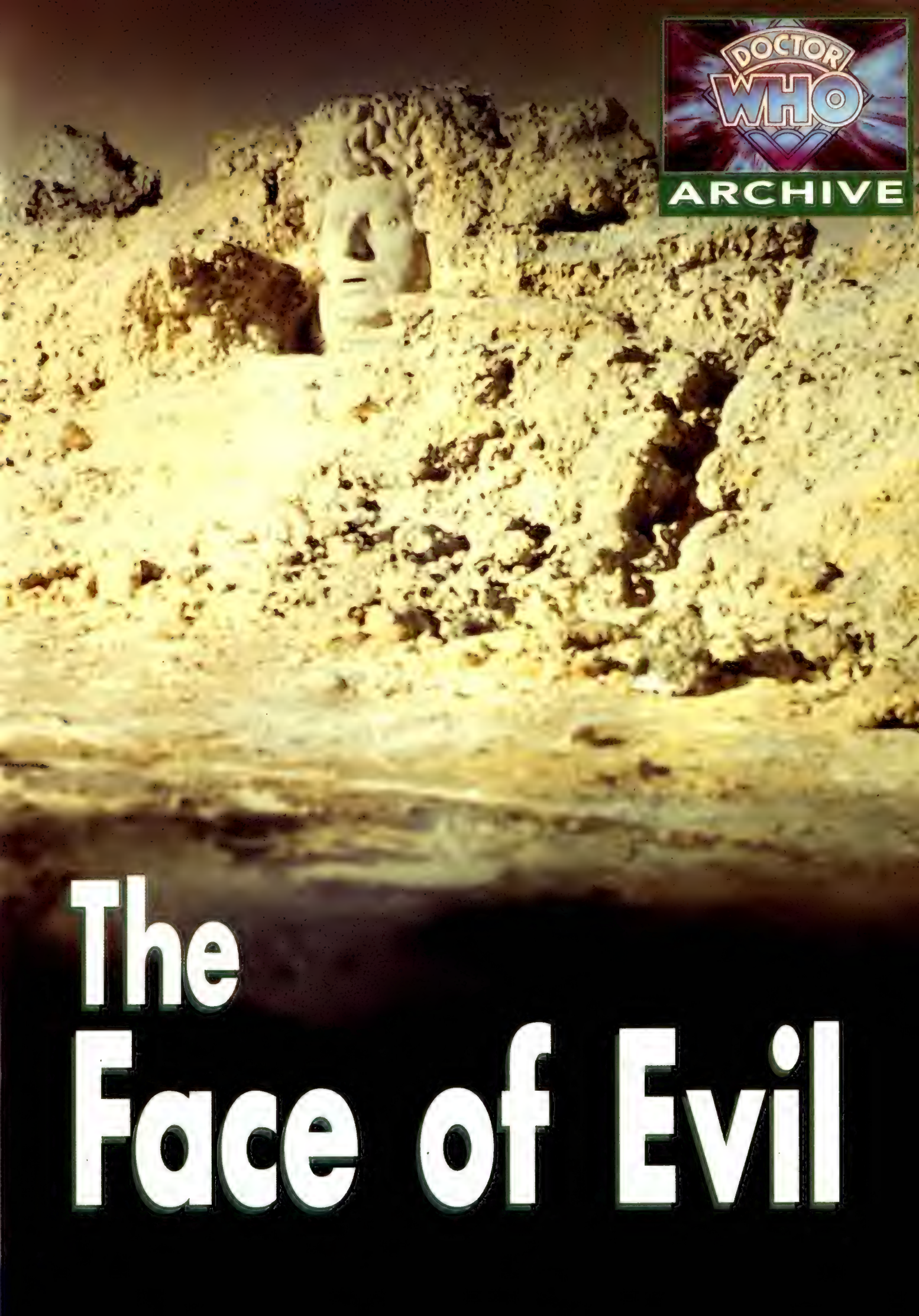
Leaving Songsten to be cared for by Sapan, the Doctor addresses his friends. "As soon as the monks have gone," he tells them, "we must get into that control room." The Doctor tells them that once inside the sanctum, they must smash the controls.

He warns his companions that Padmasambhava possesses supernormal powers. "He'll try and hypnotise you again," he tells Victoria. "How can I stop him?" she asks. The Doctor asks Thonmi to teach her 'the jewel of the lotus prayer' for her to concentrate on.

Approaching the cave, Travers and Ralpachan are forced to abort their attack as the essence of the Intelligence has smothered most of the mountain. "It will engulf the monastery!" exclaims Ralpachan.



Sapan wishes the Doctor well and asks Thonmi to look after him. "Don't worry, everything will be all right," the Doctor confidently states. As the monks file out of the monastery gates, he turns to his companions.



The Face of Evil

SYNOPSIS

PART ONE (dm: 24'58")

The primitive tribe of the Sevateem sit in judgement of a female warrior, Leela, who has denied the existence of their god, Xoanon, and so must be sent "Beyond". Andor, the leader, gives Leela until sunrise to leave the boundary. Out in the dark forest, Leela's friend Tomas saves her from two assassins sent by Neeva, the tribe's shaman. Leela travels on alone and encounters the Doctor, who has just arrived. She is initially afraid of him, recognising him as the Evil One, and tells him that they are being stalked by "his" invisible phantoms. The Doctor deduces that these creatures hunt by vibration, and uses a clockwork egg-timer to distract them while he and Leela escape. The Doctor finds evidence of technology: a sonic disruptor buried in the ground to keep the phantoms away from the Sevateem village. Leela explains that Xoanon is held captive by the Tesh tribe, in paradise beyond a black wall.

Unrest grows in the Sevateem; Calib uses Tomas' story of assassins as fuel to discredit Neeva and take control from Andor – claiming that another attempt to rescue Xoanon will cause more deaths. The Doctor is captured by warriors led by Lugo, who performs a ritual which the Doctor recognises as the checking of seals on a Starfall 7 spacesuit. Leela escapes.

Taken before Andor, the Doctor sees more evidence of technology being worn and used by Neeva. While Neeva recites a litany to the warriors so that they may rescue Xoanon in their next attack, Leela kills Lugo with a poisonous janis thorn and rescues the Doctor. Leela takes the Doctor to the edge of the forest where he realises that he must have been here before – carved into the mountainside is a gigantic image of his own face . . .

PART TWO (drm: 24'58")

The Doctor and Leela return to the village while Andor and his men are busy preparing for the attack. Entering Neeva's shrine, the Doctor talks to Xoanon – whose voice is identical to his own – through an old spacesuit communicator. In the forest, the Doctor examines the wall Xoanon speaks of and finds a time barrier. The barrier opens for Andor and his men, then closes again, causing many deaths.

At the village, Calib attacks Leela with a janis thorn. She is only saved by the Doctor's rapid use of a bio-analyser and medikit found among the holy relics. The Doctor is captured by the warriors, but successfully uses his skill with a crossbow to pass the test of the Horda – suspension over a pit of ravenous native creatures – to prove he is not the Evil One. Xoanon then announces that the barrier will be turned off so that the phantoms can attack the village.

The Doctor deduces that the name Sevateem comes from contact with Survey Team 6, generations ago. He rebuilds an energy gun with which Tomas can defend the village, and he and Leela head off to breach the time barrier – entering the mouth of the Evil One's face on the mountain. The invisible phantoms attack the village, and as Andor dies, the ray from Tomas' gun reveals that the monsters have the Doctor's face . . .

PART THREE (drm: 24'40")

The Doctor and Leela follow a figure in a protective suit through a concealed entrance in a tunnel wall and travel across the plains in an anti-grav transporter to a distant spaceship. The Doctor now recalls how he once tried to help the Mordee expedition. Inside the spaceship they find more equipment rooms used as shrines to Xoanon. They encounter Jabel, Captain of the Tesh, a highly developed race with psychic powers. The Doctor now realises both tribes are human descendants from the colony ship: the Survey Team and the Technicians who remained at the vessel. Xoanon was the ship's computer, located on Level 37. The Doctor and Leela are overpowered and sent for particle analysis, but the deadly beam is reflected by the Doctor's hand mirror and they escape.

Making for Level 37, the Doctor tells Leela that Xoanon is a computer which he reprogrammed for the Mordee by linking it to his own mind, but by neglecting to wipe his personality print from its data core he has induced schizophrenia and driven it mad. Finding the communicator link to Neeva, the Doctor poses as Xoanon and orders him to bring the Sevateem into the ship via the idol mouth, with Calib now leading Tomas and the warriors.

Leela and the Doctor reach the Sacred Heart – Xoanon's main computer complex – which the Doctor enters in an attempt to reason with Xoanon about the Sidelien memory transfer. While Leela holds off the Tesh in the corridor outside, Xoanon denies the Doctor's existence and goes berserk, screaming in its many voices, "Who am I? Who am I?"

PART FOUR (drm: 24'40")

Leela rescues the Doctor from the room as Xoanon electrifies the wall in the first of a series of traps. Xoanon now wishes to kill everything that is real, bringing the Tesh and Sevateem into conflict. The Tesh set a trap with a heavy duty disruptor on Level 12.

While the Doctor attacks the ship's systems, Leela falls under Xoanon's mental domination and he has to release her. Trying to build a reverse memory transfer unit, the Doctor realises that Xoanon has overloaded the atomic generators and will destroy half the planet. Both the Sevateem and the Tesh submit to Xoanon's will, chanting "Destroy and be free". Only Neeva, who has lost his faith in his god, is immune. Neeva's attack on the computer complex results in his death, but the distraction allows the Doctor to make the reverse transfer, knocking himself unconscious in the process.

The Doctor recovers two days later to find that his plan worked, and Xoanon is once more a single computer mind, capable of admitting that its attempt to breed superhumans via two methods was wrong. The Sevateem and Tesh unite but need a new leader. Tomas suggests Leela, but the warrior is reluctant and runs off after the Doctor. She catches up with him and asks to go with him. Although the Doctor refuses, Leela runs inside the TARDIS and activates the dematerialisation circuits just as the Doctor enters . . .

PRODUCTION

After leaving school and spending a year in Australia, Chris Boucher joined Calor Gas as a management trainee. Needing extra income when his wife was expecting their first child, he began writing gags for programmes such as *Braden's Week* and submitting short stories to women's magazines. *Braden's Week* proved lucrative, later landing Boucher a contract for a season. He went on to write for comedian Dave Allen and worked on scripts for sitcoms such as *Romany Jones* and his own abortive pilot, *Slater's Day*.

Learning from his agent John Hayes that *Doctor Who* used many script ideas, Boucher targeted the show and submitted an unsolicited synopsis entitled *The Silent Scream* in early 1975. Although it comprised only fifteen minutes' worth of material not suitable for *Doctor Who*, script editor Robert Holmes brought Boucher in to discuss ideas with himself and producer Philip Hinchcliffe. Holmes wanted a story in which people and machines were controlled by a giant computer that malfunctioned, causing the breakdown of a civilisation. Boucher initially set this on a colony spaceship for his first two storylines – *The Dreamers of Phados* and *The Mentor Conspiracy* – but Hinchcliffe suggested that the setting be altered to an alien planet. It was Hinchcliffe's idea that a key element of the story should be the Doctor's face carved into a mountainside. *The Mentor Conspiracy*, which featured the characters of Andor and Leela, was turned down by Holmes on Thursday 30th October, 1975. Leela was a cave-woman character of which Boucher was rather fond, envisaging her as a cross between a glamorous Palestinian terrorist called Leila Khaled and Emma Peel from *The Avengers*.

Boucher developed the two tribes of the Sevateem and the Tesh and their god Xoanon (a Greek name referring to the wooden image of a deity that had fallen from heaven). At this point, the synopsis still involved the Doctor and Sarah Jane Smith. This storyline, *The Tower of Imelo*, was more sucessful, and from this Boucher was asked to develop a series of scripts. The storyline was still intended to include Leela, although she was not referred to by name. In this version, Boucher had returned to one of his original ideas – the discussion of the evolution of societies and religions from his viewpoint as an atheist. He was also inspired by the Harry Harrison novel *Captive Universe*, in which a race discovers that their world is actually a spaceship.

In late 1975 it became clear that Elisabeth Sladen would be leaving the series during the next season. Boucher was informed that Sarah would be written out and that there were no immediate plans to replace the character with a new companion – although an Eliza Dolittle-type character was suggested in late March 1976, with fashion model turned actress Twiggy as possible casting for the part. There was no rush to replace Sarah, and it was likely that Season Fourteen would conclude with the Doctor travelling alone, allowing the new character to be cast during the production break in spring 1977.

Prior to scripting, Holmes requested a very detailed storyline by January 1976, and by April draft scripts had been produced under the title *The Day God Went Mad*. During the late spring, Holmes wrote the first story for the companionless Doctor in the form of *The Deadly Assassin*, commissioned on Thursday 27th May. He found this a very difficult experience as there was nobody to whom the Doctor could explain the plot, and no sub-plot concerning a companion could be created. Holmes contacted Boucher and advised him to create a character local to the serial who could join the Doctor to fulfil this function, and then leave at the end. Boucher duly decided that the Sevateem character of Loke was to play a more significant role in the narrative. During discussions with Holmes concerning Loke, Boucher suggested that maybe a female Sevateem warrior would be more suitable.

To this end he recreated Leela and turned Loke into the character of Tomas.

Hinchcliffe was pleased with the first script of the serial, and commented after the second that he liked the character of Leela and would consider her as a regular companion, feeling she was a reaction against the usual screaming stereotype

Holmes agreed, wanting to base the character on the Raquel Welch cave-woman in the movie *One Million Years BC*. To this end, Boucher drafted two versions of the end of the final episode, one in which Leela joins the Doctor and one in which she says goodbye.

With the first rehearsal script complete, Boucher was informed that Leela was also to appear in at least the next four-part serial, and was asked if he would like to submit an idea for this. Boucher's idea was *The Storm-Mine Murders*, a storyline which was rapidly developed into *The Robots of Death*. Before entering production, Boucher's first serial had its title altered by Hinchcliffe and Holmes from *The Day God Went Mad* to *The Face of Evil*, apparently to avoid offending religious groups.

THE PRODUCTION TEEM

The director chosen by Hinchcliffe for the serial was Pennant Roberts. Born in Weston-super-Mare, Roberts had read physics at Bristol University and joined the ITV region West and Wales North as an Assistant Floor Manager. Roberts then moved to BBC Cymru, and in 1969 relocated to London to become a drama production assistant. His directing break in network drama came with *Doomwatch* in 1972, followed by episodes of *Softly, Softly: Task Force* and *The Regiment* before he went freelance in 1974. After this he worked on *Sutherland's Law*, *Oil Strike North* and *Angels*. It was his work on *Survivors* that brought him to Hinchcliffe's attention.

Joining Roberts' team were set designer Austin Ruddy, costume designer John Bloomfield, make-up artist Ann Ailes and visual effects designer Mat Irvine. This was the only *Doctor Who* serial for Ruddy, who had worked with Roberts on *Survivors*. Bloomfield and Ailes were also new to the programme, while the serial saw Irvine's first credit as visual effects designer. After joining the BBC on attachment in 1971, Irvine had first worked as an assistant to Ian Scoones on *The Curse of Peladon*, and had gone on to serials including *Planet of the Spiders* and *Pyramids of Mars*.

The budget for *The Face of Evil* had to be kept down to offset both *The Deadly Assassin* (which had gone over-budget) and the six-part serial due to close the season. Even though Hinchcliffe had successfully applied for additional funding, both *The Face of Evil* and *The Robots of Death* would have to be made in studio on videotape with only small allocations for filming at Ealing. This was suitable as most of the effects required in Boucher's scripts were electronic in nature.

Boucher was told by Roberts about the complex casting procedures for Leela, but did not appreciate at this stage that the character would remain for more than eight episodes. Holmes then asked if Leela could be given supernatural powers, possibly inherited from her witch-priestess grandmother. Boucher rejected this, suggesting instead that Leela should have a sixth sense for danger. The situation regarding Leela was to become confused over the coming year. Boucher claimed that he had created Leela, and was therefore due a payment from all serials that featured her. However, the production office had forgotten the use of Leela in the 1975 ideas for *The Mentor Conspiracy*, and regarded the character as their own. Matters were to come to a head between Boucher's agents and the BBC in July 1978, after which a payment was made to Boucher so that the character of Leela remained the property of the Corporation.

Sixty actresses in total were seen for the part of Leela, with Philip Hinchcliffe's first choice being Emily Richards (star of a BBC adaption of *Lorna Doone* due for broadcast that September), who ultimately proved unavailable. Five sets of auditions were held throughout August. On Tuesday 10th, Carol Drinkwater, Katherine Fahy, Deborah Fairfax, Gail Grainger, Louise Jameson, Kay Korda, Pamela Salem and Lois Hantz were seen. A week later, Colette Gleeson (who would later feature in *Meglos*), Marilyn Galsworthy, Ann Pennington, Carol Leader and Celia Foxe auditioned. Leader was to perform a second audition the following day, this time with Belinda Sinclair and Belinda Law. On Friday 20th, Hinchcliffe saw test sessions with Gail Harrison, Irene Gorst, Sally Geeson, Janet Edis, Michelle Newell, Phillipa Vavzey, Heather Tobias, Elaine Donnelly and Sue Jones-Davies. The final round was on Wednesday 25th August when Louise Jameson, Janet Edis and Carol Drinkwater performed second auditions, with tests for Lydia Lisle and Susan Wooldridge. In the end Hinchcliffe went with Roberts' recommendation of twenty-five-year-old Louise Jameson. Roberts had originally met Jameson when she had unsuccessfully auditioned for him shortly after leaving RADA. Jameson was contracted on Friday 27th August for an initial fourteen episodes from Monday 13th September 1976 to Friday 11th February 1977.

Jameson was born in Wanstead on 20th April 1951 and after a secretarial course went to train at RADA from 1969 to 1971. On leaving RADA she went into rep at St Andrews and then joined the Royal Shakespeare Company in 1973, during which time she appeared on stage in both the West End and New York. Her television experience after 1971 included *Cider with Rosie*, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*, *Z Cars* and *Emmerdale Farm*, and her only film had been a horror movie called *Disciple of Death* in 1972. At this point, Jameson had already been short-listed among the last ten choices for the part of Purdey in *The New Avengers* earlier that year. She had recorded a *Play for Today* and *The Game* for BBC Television during 1976, when her agent put her up for the part of Leela.

Another candidate for Leela, Pamela Salem, was instead offered the role of Pilot Toos in *The Robots of Death* and also provided one of the voices of Xoanon in Part Three of *The Face of Evil*. As it turned out, Salem would also receive considerable press coverage during November as being another new companion for *Doctor Who*, although Toos only featured in the one serial.

Roberts and Jameson spent a long time crafting Leela and examining her reactions to different situations. The body language was drawn by Jameson from two sources; a little girl called Sally who lived upstairs from her and Bosie, her basenji dog (hence Leela's tilting of her head when she sensed danger). Early costume tests involved Jameson wearing a very dark skin make-up, but a softer make-up was eventually used in production. Jameson was given red contact lenses to turn her blue eyes brown (Leela means "dark-eyed beauty" in Urdu), which she disliked as they caused her irritation and made her feel breathless. It was decided that Leela should show little humour, due to her lack of understanding, and would not use contractions when she spoke.

Leela's costume was designed by Bloomfield as a one-piece soft suede swimsuit, embellished with patterning to match her long suede boots. Bloomfield also created bracelets and a necklet of primitive jewellery with commercial marketing opportunities in mind, an idea backed up by Hinchcliffe to BBC Enterprises in an attempt to encourage more girls to watch the series. A few samples of this were later given away by Jameson when she appeared on *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop* on Saturday 12th February 1977.

TRIBAL GUESTS

In selecting his supporting cast, Roberts used a number of actors with whom he was familiar, such as Lloyd McGuire whom he had used in *Survivors* a few months earlier. The only member of the mainguest cast to have appeared in *Doctor Who* before was actor/writer David Garfield who had played von Weich in *The War Games* Episodes Three to Six in 1969.

There was a fortnight's break after recording *The Deadly Assassin* at the start of September 1976, during which Tom Baker embarked upon a series of publicity appearances in the North-West of England, including signings of Target paperbacks at St Helens on Tuesday 7th and cricketing at Stockport on Thursday 16th. It was around this time that it was decided to hold broadcast of *The Face of Evil* over into the New Year, leaving room for repeats and allowing

more time to resolve script problems on the concluding six-part serial. The original plan had been to screen the serial from Saturday 27th November through to Saturday 18th December, have a week's break and resume in 1977 with *The Robots of Death*.

Shooting on *The Face of Evil* started at Ealing on Monday 20th September, with a BBC photographer present on the first day. All the filming was for Parts One and Two and required Baker, Jameson, Brendan Price, Lloyd McGuire, Leslie Schofield, Victor Lucas and Brett Forrest. The scenes to be pre-filmed included most of the scene-setting jungle sequences for Part One and the Doctor taking the Test of the Horda in Part Two. Also filmed were scenes on the perimeter of the Sevateem village, including a guard striking the metal panel marked "Survey Team 6" in Part One and the phantoms' attack in Part Two. Regular stuntmen Max Faulkner and Alan Chuntz appeared as Sevateem warriors for the Test scene, and Faulkner played the guard attacked by Leela. Terry Walsh was the fight arranger for this sequence and later for the fights in studio in Parts Three and Four.

Tom Baker was not at all keen on the character of Leela, and was particularly concerned that the Doctor's companion was a killer. He wanted to stress these moral issues in the story, and was somewhat placated when told that Leela was only to be a temporary companion for three stories.

The latest recruit to the Visual Effects Department, Steve Drewett, made the Horda. One of these was a radio-controlled prop (seen scuttling along as the TARDIS materialised in Part One), another was a rod puppet with cable-controlled working jaws (which attacked Brett Forrest's guard and grabbed Calib's stick in Part Two) and the others were hollow latex dummies seen quivering in the pit for the Test of the Horda.

Ruddy's large jungle landscape was dressed with latex cobwebs and dry-ice smoke to make it appear tropical. Some branches and vines were connected to wires which, when moved, indicated the presence of the invisible phantoms. This meant that the actors had to memorise the "safe route" through the foliage. Small sections of the set were rigged with a mechanism under the sandy covering to simulate the footsteps of the phantoms (a sliding mechanism letting the sand fall through a print shape). This was later transferred to videotape in slow motion. The Doctor's clockwock egg-timer was a specially made prop which collapsed in on itself as the air inside its hollow frame was pumped out, making it appear as though the phantoms had crushed it. Wires were also used to give the impression that the creatures were hurling rocks about. The sound effects dubbed onto the jungle scenes reused stock background noises from serials such as *Mission to the Unknown*.

The deaths of the two assassins shot by Leela and Tomas were achieved by a crossbow sound effect and cutting to extras David Nichol and Harry Fielder already with half-crossbow bolts inserted into their costumes, avoiding the use of blood. Baker objected to a scene in Part One in which the Doctor threatens Lugo's warriors with a knife, instead opting to inject humour by his use of a "deadly jelly baby".

XOANON'S CHOIR

After a week of filming, a final day at Ealing was held on Monday 27th September. The following day sound recording took place for the responses of the Sevateem to Neeva's recitation of the Litany in Part One and the chant of "Kill the Tesh!". The voices of Baker, Salem and Rob Edwards as Xoanon in Parts One to Three were taped on the same day.

Rehearsals for the first studio began on Thursday 30th September. On Saturday 2nd October Baker joined Elisabeth Sladen to appear on the first edition of a new BBC show, *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop*, as the "star swap" guests of Noel Edmonds. After a clip from the climax of *The Masque of Mandragora* Part Four (shown the previous week), the pair answered viewers' questions over the telephone and then Baker offered his scarf to a lucky winner who could guess its correct length.

The first studio session for *The Face of Evil* took place over Monday 11th and Tuesday 12th October in TC3. Because of the large number of sets involved, Ruddy had to scale some of them down, restricting certain camera shots. The first studio dealt with all the scenes in the jungle that had not been filmed at Ealing, plus all the hut interiors.

The jungle set was minimal, consisting of a few set elements from Ealing, some hanging foreground props, a dark cyclorama and dry ice to conceal the studio floor. One small area incorporated the sonic disruptor unit found by the Doctor in Part One and deactivated by Xoanon in Part Two – a small panel of flashing lights buried under a plant. The village was represented by four linked sets: the council chamber, a corridor, Neeva's sanctum and a small area of jungle.

Some of Neeva's holy relics were stock props, such as the spacesuit helmet which had been used as far back as *Mission to the Unknown*. The main working prop was the bio-analyser used by the Doctor in Part Two to save Leela – an illuminating prop which emitted a black metal strip. As Neeva recited the Litany, reference was made to "the Tower of Imelo" – the title of Boucher's early draft.

The cliff face seen by the Doctor and Leela at the end of Part One was a plaster model based on a cast taken from Baker's face. CSO was used to place Baker and Jameson over this image for the cliffhanger, although the editing of Part Two's reprise meant that some of the CSO shots were deleted. CSO was also used on the same set during Part Two as the Doctor and Leela studied the time barrier, this time with a grey rippling image fed into the CSO backdrop. Towards the end of Part Two, Baker and Jameson stood on a blue CSO set so that they could be placed on a hillside ledge close to the massive face.

During the abortive attack to free Xoanon at the start of Part Two, a shaft of white light was superimposed over Garfield. Some of the close-ups of Sevateem warriors were recorded with the cast against a CSO backdrop, and placed over a shot of the jungle. The hand-held disruptor guns (working props with two flashing lights) seen in Parts Two to Four fired a radiating red beam created by red cinemoid film glued to a cardboard mask and superimposed over the main picture. This meant sequences showing the guns firing had to be lined up precisely as cutaway shots. When the Doctor's face appeared as a phantom at the end of Part Two, Baker's snarling features were superimposed as a yellow electronic effect onto the scene of Tomas and Andor. Again, due to editing of the reprise, the concluding CSO shot of Tomas from Part Two did not feature in Part Three. A standard roll-back-and-mix was used for the TARDIS's departure at the end of Part Four.

Most of the serial's effects were arranged for the first studio session, placing a heavy burden on the crew. Unfortunately not all the required material was completed in time. Several scenes were rescheduled into the second block while others were dropped altogether or rewritten. In rehearsal for the second studio, Baker changed some of the dialogue in Part Three. Boucher's script included a quotation from one of Rudyard

Kipling's *Barrack Room Ballads*: "Be thankful you're living and trust to your luck, and march to your front like a soldier". Boucher's dialogue had the Doctor attributing the line to Kipling, but Baker thought this was too obvious and so deliberately mis-attributed the quotation to Gertrude Stein.

For reasons unknown, the first day of the proposed three-day studio session – Sunday 24th October – had to be postponed. The studio was attended, however, by seven-year-old Anthony Frieze, winner in the youngest age group of the Design-A-Monster competition run at the BBC exhibitions in Blackpool and Longleat. Frieze was allowed to record one line of dialogue for the serial – the voice crying "Who am I?" at the climax of Part Three – for which he received an on-screen credit.

The serial's second studio ran over Monday 25th and Tuesday 26th October, again in TC3, concentrating on the scenes for Parts Three and Four in the Mordee spaceship. The spacesuited Tesh, the Doctor and Leela passed through a rock wall covered in CSO material in Part Three, each person glowing red with a superimposed effect. Irvine designed the planetary survey vessel seen in Parts Three and Four which was built from construction kit parts and internally lit. The rocket was seen through an opening in the rock wall inside the idol's mouth, with the thirty-five centimetre model and its miniature landscape added via CSO.

The Tesh temple/control room incorporated a bank of six monochrome monitors which showed Leela being prepared for particle analysis in Part Three and later displayed activity in the corridors in Part Four. The images were relayed from cameras on another set. A CSO cutaway shot was used in Part Four as the destruct button vanished from the Doctor's hand.

On the particle analysis set, a monochrome screen was fed with a three-digit countdown clock from another camera trained on a counter. The beam projector was a moving prop, rigged to explode when the Doctor reflected its power. A red beam was superimposed as the particle analysis started. One of the clamps holding Leela's arm could be operated in close-up to release her "automatically". The auxiliary chamber, a partial redress of the particle analysis room, incorporated a monochrome monitor which showed pre-recorded action at the Sevateem village.

A single section of spaceship corridor was built in a triangular layout, allowing it to be shot from many angles. Some of the walls incorporated Xoanon's tracking devices – small rotating silver spheres. Stuntman Stuart Fell played the guard on Level 37 attacked by Leela in Part Three, with Walsh doubling as the Doctor in a scuffle with a Tesh at the start of Part Four. When Xoanon tried to eliminate the Doctor and Leela in Part Four, the sets dimmed to a red glow and the electrifying of the walls was indicated by a violet-tinted image from a spark generator lined up between wall and victim. The same sets were dressed to become Level 12 in Part Four. The final episode saw the use of the heavy disruptor, a larger version of the gun mended by the Doctor in Part Two, which also had illuminating bulbs flashing as it fired.

CSO was used for the interior of Xoanon's main computer complex, with three screens erected at angles across the rear of the set which generally relayed clear shifting patterns from another camera input. The images of the Doctor's face as Xoanon seen in Parts Three and Four were recorded with Baker wearing a black cape and standing against a black background so that only his head was visible. To ensure that these images were at the correct angles on each of the screens, electronic effects specialist Dave Chapman fed the image of Baker's face via a videcon camera (which softened the image) to three monitors arranged in the same pattern as the three screens on the main set. These screens were then masked off and lined up on another videcon camera which fed the distorted images of the Doctor to the three CSO panels of the main set, thus making each face appear in the correct plane of vision. The two faces on either side were mirror images of the central panel. A similar technique was used in Part Four as Xoanon monitored the Doctor and Leela, with four different camera images switched rapidly between the three monitor screens.

The main computer complex housed a clear spherical crystal on a pedestal, into which were placed CSO images from the wall scanners, recorded by another camera fitted with a distorting fish-eye lens for Part Three. When the Doctor entered the chamber, he was hit by a shaft of white light similar to that used on Neeva in Part Two. After the computer regained its sanity in Part Four, the crystal was seen to pulse orange in time with the voice of actor Roy Herrick (who had appeared as Jean in *The Reign of Terror*). A roll-back-and-mix effect was used for the appearance of a sofa, table and gramophone.

For the scene in which Neeva attacked the face of the Doctor/Xoanon on the main computer complex door, multiple-feed CSO was used. This mixed a videcon-softened image of Baker's face into the doorway, overlaid with a red ray from Neeva's disruptor, a blue spark generator superimposed from Xoanon's mouth and David Garfield standing on a CSO set. As Xoanon destroyed Neeva, the image of Garfield was faded out.

Because of the knock-on effect of rescheduling, not all the scenes were taped over the two-day studio. The most notable omission was a model sequence in Part Three in which the Doctor and Leela crossed to the distant survey vessel in an anti-grav transporter.

LEELA EXPOSED

On Monday 25th October *The Evening Standard* broke the news about the new companion. To save Jameson from harassment by reporters, a publicity session for Leela was hurriedly arranged on Tuesday 26th with a photocall in the corridors and control room sets of the spaceship, where the actress posed with hunting knife and crossbow. After lunch with twenty-six journalists she also recorded two radio interviews. Baker and Jameson then dropped in on the studios of *Nationwide* to publicise Leela, talking to presenter Bob Wellings. The TARDIS materialised in the studio with the pair in costume and initially doing an interview "in character". "Leela" confirmed that she was a descendant of humanity and "the Doctor" made guarded comments about his new companion. On the same day *John Craven's Newsround* promoted Leela with the film sequence of her first meeting with the Doctor.

Most papers carried news about the new companion, the evening papers getting their pieces out on Tuesday while *The Daily Mail* and other papers covered the story the next day. By this time, Sarah Jane Smith had left the series in *The Hand of Fear* on Saturday 23rd October, and the new companion could now be officially publicised as making her debut on Saturday 1st January 1977. A few weeks later, Mat Irvine

made the first of many appearances on *Multi-Coloured Swap Shop*, in which he gave a sneak preview of a Horda.

Incidental music was composed by Dudley Simpson who conducted a group of musicians during recording in late 1976. A total of about fifty-two minutes of music was used on the serial, with Simpson working in a muted version of his theme for Tom Baker's Doctor during Part Two as the Doctor raced to save Leela from death by janis thorn.

The Face of Evil resumed Season Fourteen's transmission after a break of several weeks, and was actually billed in *Radio Times* as a "New Series". The previous story, *The Deadly Assassin*, had concluded on Saturday 20th November, and was followed by sixty-minute compilations of *Pyramids of Mars* on 27th November and *The Brain of Morbius* on 4th December. The slot on Saturday 11th December, intended for a compilation of *The Seeds of Doom*, was filled by a Gerry Anderson production entitled *Into Infinity* (*The Seeds of Doom* had got as far as director Douglas Camfield making editing notes to turn it into a ninety-minute compilation, but the idea was abandoned in early December). After skipping Christmas Day, *Doctor Who* was scheduled to return on New Year's Day 1977, running around 6.20pm on BBC1 for four consecutive weeks. The slightly later slot was because *Doctor Who* now ran after the new season of *Jim'll Fix It*. On New Year's Eve the series gained some publicity in the form of *Doctor Who and the Hell Planet*, a one-page adventure by Terrance Dicks written for the *Junior Mirror* section of *The Daily Mirror*. The story concerned a group of explorers who arrive on a hostile planet but are persuaded not to colonise it by the Doctor, and the planet turns out to be Earth seventy million years ago. In *Radio Times*, Roy Ellsworth provided a piece of art showing the Doctor and Leela being watched by a huge face of the Doctor himself, and a small photo of Leela appeared on the contents page.

Competition was not strong, coming from the mildly popular quiz show *Celebrity Squares* and the talent-spotting *New Faces*. The ratings for *Doctor Who* were very healthy at around eleven million, with three episodes in the top twenty programmes of the week. Audience reaction remained favourable, but complaints flooded in from Mary Whitehouse and her National Viewers' And Listeners' Association regarding the character of Leela and her use of knife, crossbow and janis thorn. Baker offered to meet Whitehouse to discuss the series with her, but she refused. Gleefully the actor suggested that maybe Leela should carry an even bigger knife – although he himself disliked this concept.

The serial was first sold to North America in the spring of 1978 as part of a package of ninety-eight Tom Baker episodes, with each instalment slightly cut and given additional narration by Howard da Silva. In the Eighties uncut prints were syndicated by Lionheart, and the serial was also shown as a one hour thirty-four minute TV movie. The serial was purchased by ABC in Australia in March 1978 where it was screened with a "G" rating after two shots of the assassins being shot by crossbows were removed from Part One. Sequences from the serial featuring Leela were also used in BBC Schools programmes, principally as an example of the roles of women on television.

Terrance Dicks novelised Boucher's serial as *Doctor Who and the Face of Evil*, inserting a passage explaining how it had been in his post-regenerative phase during *Robot* that the Doctor had travelled in the TARDIS away from UNIT HQ and performed his initial work on the Mordee computer. With cover art from Jeff Cummins, the book was issued simultaneously in paperback from Target Books and in hardback by the parent company WH Allen in January 1978. The book was latterly numbered Book No 25 in the Target library, and in May 1989 was joined with *Doctor Who and the Sunmakers* to form the final of Star Books' silver anniversary *Doctor Who Classics* paperbacks. Retitled *Doctor Who – The Face of Evil*, it was reissued with a new cover painting from Alister Pearson in April 1993. May 1978 saw the release of *Doctor Who Sound Effects*, an BBC LP and cassette containing a number of sounds including both the interior atmospherics for Xoanon's room and the noise of a "Tesh Gun".

After transmission on SuperChannel in the late Eighties, *The Face of Evil* was also run in episodic form by UK Gold in January 1994 with a compilation repeat some time later. The BBC retains colour videotapes of the serial as a potential home video release.

Andrew Pixley

Serial 4Q The Face of Evil

CAST: Tom Baker (*Doctor Who*) with Louise Jameson (*Leela*); Leslie Schofield (*Calib*); Victor Lucas (*Andor*) [1-2]; Brendan Price (*Tomas*); Colin Thomas (*Sole*) [1]; David Garfield (*Neeva*); Lloyd McGuire (*Lugo*) [1]; Tom Kelly (*Guard*) [1]; Brett Forrest (*Guard*) [2]; Tom Baker (*Xoanon*) [2-4]; Rob Edwards (*Xoanon*) [2-3]; Leon Eagles (*Jabel*) [3-4]; Mike Elles (*Gentek*) [3-4]; Pamela Salem, Anthony Frieze (*Xoanon*) [3]; Peter Baldock (*Acolyte*) [4]; Roy Herrick (*Xoanon*) [4].

EXTRAS: David Nichol (*First Assassin*); Harry Fielder (*Second Assassin*); Alan Harris, Michael Reynal (*Council Members*); John Bryant, Peter Roy, Paul Barton, Mike Mungarvan (*Guards*); Barbara Bremel (*Female Sevateem*); Andy Dempsey, John Sarbutt, Ian Munro (*Lugo's Warriors*); Alan Charles Thomas and nine others (*Crowd Voices*); Terry Walsh, Max Faulkner, Alan Chuntz (*Sevateem Guards/Stuntmen*); Peter Dean, Alan Troy (*Sevateem*); Tim Craven (*Tesh in Protective Suit*); Tim McCabe, Tom Knox, Robert Hastings, Ernie Goodyear, David Ludwig (*Acolytes*); Stuart Fell (*Acolyte on Level 37/Stuntman*); Terry Walsh (*Double for Doctor Who*).

CREDITS: Written by Chris Boucher. Fight Arranger: Terry Walsh [2-4]. Incidental Music by Dudley Simpson. Title Music by Ron Grainer and the BBC Radiophonic Workshop. Title Sequence by Bernard Lodge. Production Assistant: Marion McDougall. Production Unit Manager: Chris D'Oyly-John. Lighting: Derek Slee. Sound: Colin Dixon. Film Cameraman: John McGlashan [1-2]. Film Recordist: Stan Nightingale [1-2]. Film Editor: Pam Bosworth [1], Tariq Anwar [2]. Visual Effects Designer: Mat Irvine. Special Sound: Dick Mills. Costume Designer: John Bloomfield. Make-Up Artist: Ann Ailes. Designer: Austin Ruddy. Script Editor: Robert Holmes. Producer: Philip Hinchcliffe. Directed by Pennant Roberts. BBC (c) 1976.

UK BROADCAST DETAILS

Part One	1st January, 1977	6.20pm – 6.45pm
Part Two	8th January, 1977	6.30pm – 6.55pm
Part Three	15th January, 1977	6.20pm – 6.45pm
Part Four	22nd January, 1977	6.20pm – 6.45pm

Viewing Figures

Part One: 10.7M (23rd), Part Two: 11.1M (19th), Part Three: 11.3M (20th), Part Four: 11.7M (19th).

Audience Appreciation Figures

Part One: 61%, Part Three: 59%, Part Four: 60%. No figure recorded for Part Two.

He tells them that he will enter the sanctum first and deal with the master. As soon as it is safe, Jamie and Thonmi must head for the control room and destroy it.

The Yeti begin to assemble outside the monastery. Travers and Ralpachan observe the monks' torches as they depart. Believing the Doctor may still be in the monastery, Travers decides to return there.

Arriving outside the sanctum, the Doctor finds the doors appear to be locked. "Why are you here?" the disembodied voice calls. "Why did you not heed my warning?"

"Who are you?" the Doctor demands of the voice. "You know well that it is I, the master Padmasambhava." the voice replies. "Oh no it isn't," the Doctor refutes, "I know Padmasambhava, he's my friend. Where have you come from? Why are you using his body?"

"Such a brain as yours is too small to grasp my purpose," the voice says scornfully, "Too small!" exclaims the Doctor. "I have much power," the voice states. An incense burner suddenly rises into the air.

"Simple levitation," says the Doctor impatiently. "A childish trick. Now stop playing games and open these doors – or are you afraid to meet me face to face?"

"You are rash," the voice replies, and the doors to the inner sanctum creak open. The Doctor enters.

The Doctor cries out in pain as the huge mental power of Padmasambhava suddenly assaults him.

Padmasambhava slowly rises from his throne as the power of the Great Intelligence flows through the aged Tibetan master.

He concentrates his power on the Doctor, forcing him back.

"No!" the Doctor shouts out. Marshalling his will-power he begins to fight back, focusing his own mental abilities against Padmasambhava.

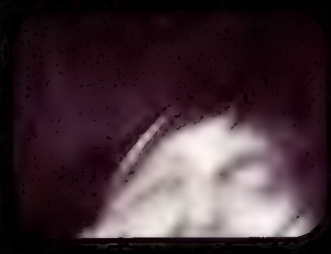
Jamie and Thonmi race into the sanctum and make for the control room. Their way is barred by a force-field. The Doctor is frozen on the spot as he continues to concentrate on shattering Padmasambhava's control.

The master is pushed back by the Doctor's will. The force-field dissolves and Jamie and Thonmi gain access to the control room.

The two young men begin smashing the machinery in the room. Padmasambhava moves the Yeti models onto the map of the monastery. "Doctor, he's bringing the Yeti in!" Victoria cries. Still frozen, the Doctor shouts for her to knock over the models.

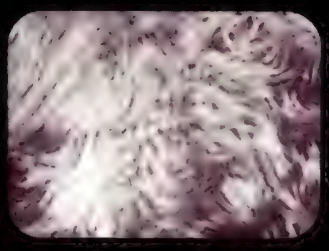
Victoria bravely tries to stop the monk. Padmasambhava attempts to hypnotise her. The Doctor yells to her to recite the Lotus Prayer. "Om, mane, padme, hum," she begins to repeat.

Outside, Travers watches as the Yeti move into the monastery. He follows the robots inside.
Victoria starts to weaken. "Om, mane, padme, hum. Oh, it's no good," she wails, "I can't move!" You've got to!" the Doctor shouts. "I can't," she screams.



"Jaime, Jamie! The Yeti are coming!"the Doctor cries. "But we have destroyed the machines," says Thonmi. "There must be something else that controls them," reasons Jamie, "The control unit. Of course, the sphere!"

The Yeti enter and approach the Doctor. They are about to strike when . . .

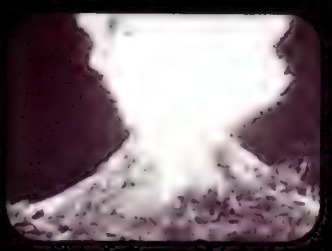


Jamie and Thonmi smash the giant sphere in the control room. There is a blinding flash of light.

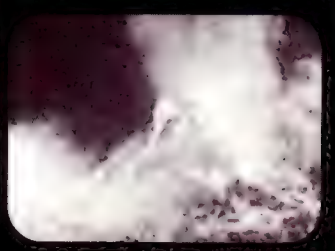
The Yeti's control units explode. The Yeti stagger and drop to the floor. Travers enters and fires a gunshot at the master, to no effect. "One stroke of fortune will not save you," he says. "Did you not feel enough of my power when you met me in the cave?"

"Cave," ponders the Doctor then realises the significance. "Jamie! " he yells. "There was a pyramid in the cave!"
"There's one here too!" he shouts."Destroy it!" the Doctor shouts back."No!" cries Padmasambhava.

Jamie smashes the pyramid. The mountain suddenly erupts as the entity in the cave explodes.



The fury of the explosion is somehow echoed by the master's anguished wail.



Victoria observes the downed Yeti. Padmasambhava has also fallen. "At last, peace," he whispers. "Goodbye, Doctor." he breathes. "Goodbye, old friend," the Doctor says, lowering the dead man to the floor.

The Doctor states that the Great Intelligence has been destroyed. Padmasam-bhava was not to blame. "He was just a tool in the hands of a monstrous brain. It wasn't his fault." Travers, the Doctor and his two companions say their goodbyes to Thonmi.

Travelling back, they pass a deactivated Yeti. "At least you'll have something to take home from your expedition," the Doctor tells Travers. "Nobody would believe me. They'll think I've had it made."

"Doctor, look," Victoria cries. Travers can't believe his eyes. "A Yeti!" he exclaims, "A real Yeti! At last!" He quickly says goodbye and chases after it. "Mustn't lose this one," he shouts back at them. They laugh as he runs off, and head for the TARDIS. Jamie asks the Doctor to land them somewhere warmer next time . . .

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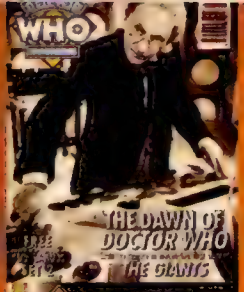

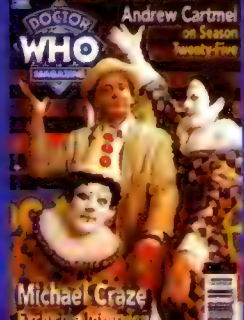

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Meridians

by Andrew Cartmel • Part Three

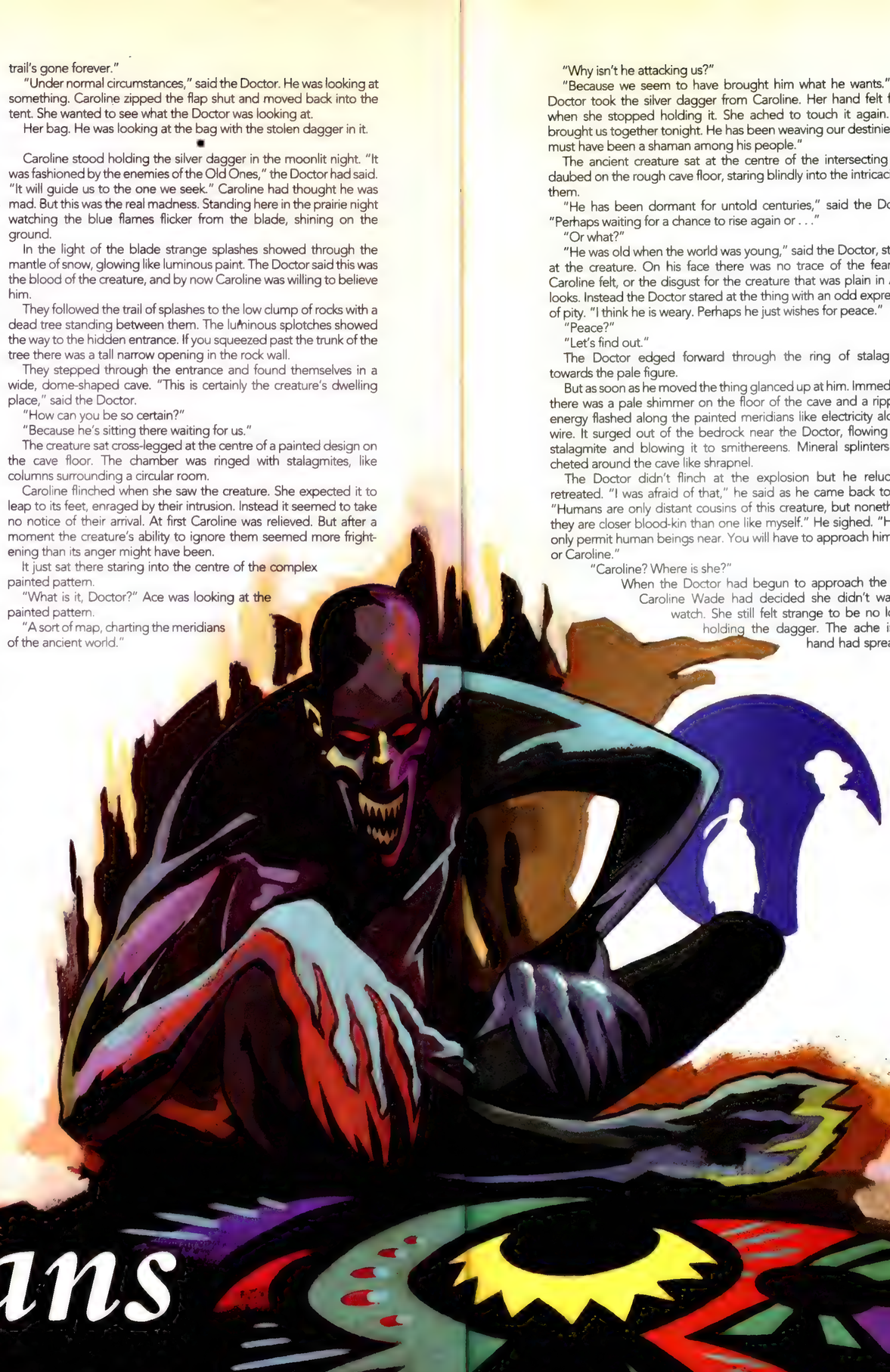

Illustration by Adrian Salmon

A girl lay face-down on a padded table. She felt comfortably adrift in the warm dingy office. She was staring up at a sun-faded acupuncture chart.

"It's my mind, isn't it?" she said suddenly.

"Yes," said the man.

"Something is wrong with my mind."

"It's just your memory," said the man soothingly. "You've forgotten certain things. Now you must remember them."

"Like my name," said the girl. "I've forgotten my name."

"Yes," said the man.

"But you can make me remember. You can fix it with your silver needles and your flame."

The man just smiled and applied a flaming match to his roll of herbs. As it smouldered he delicately touched it against one of the silver needles in the girl's back.

She felt the warmth from the smoking herbs enter her skin. The warmth swiftly invaded her body, flowing from the flame through the silver needle. She felt it joining the warm energy flow of her body, riding along the complex meridians, entering her brain.

Stimulating her mind. Making her remember.

"What do you see?" said the man.

"The man called the Doctor and a girl . . ."

"What's her name?"

"Wade. Caroline Wade"' said the girl on the table suddenly.

"That's right," said the man. He smiled an encouraging smile.

"And there's another girl there," she said.

"Ace?"

"Yes, that's it. Ace. The Doctor and Ace are with . . . Caroline. I can see them standing in the moonlight in the snow." The girl frowned thoughtfully.

She remembered flames and silver. And a winter night.

■

The wind outside the tent had stopped. After the hours of gale this utter silence seemed unnatural. The deserted, snow-topped prairie looked eerie in the cool unvarying illumination of the moonlight. The snow crunched underfoot and three shadows moved, huddled together, clear cut in the ghostly light.

Silver.

Caroline held the silver dagger in her hand. It glowed with an odd light, thin blue flames that were barely visible, like the flame from a cigarette lighter in bright sunlight.

Blue flame and moonlight.

Caroline Wade had been dreaming when they came to get her. She looked up from the womb-like warmth of her sleeping bag to see the Doctor and Ace kneeling beside her. She stared around the tent trying to remember where she was. Then it all came back to her.

The strange compulsion to steal the dagger from the museum. Fleeing with the ugly ancient thing hidden in her bag. Hitching a ride with the man who called himself the Doctor. The steady worsening of the blizzard.

And, worst of all, the thing that had tried to break into the tent. Its smooth obscene face staring in at her through the slit it had made.

"Has it come back?" said Caroline, her voice trembling.

"No," said the Doctor. "Unfortunately not."

"Unfortunately?"

"We've been outside looking for it. It's gone back into the cave."

"The cave?"

"That's where it dwells, where it has dwelled for a million years."

Caroline laughed, but it was an ugly sound. "This is crazy."

"Here's something else that's crazier," said the girl called Ace. "We can't find the opening to the cave. We know there must be an entrance. But we've spent an hour searching and . . ." She shrugged. "No dice."

"Harry Ross shot the creature," said the Doctor. There was a note of sadness in his voice when he mentioned the man. He shook his head. "It was wounded. Bleeding. If only we could follow its blood we'd be able to see where it entered the cave."

"But it's been snowing all night," said Caroline. She wriggled out of her sleeping bag, shivering as the cold air hit her, and crawled to the entrance of the tent. She unzipped it and peered cautiously out, half expecting the thing to be waiting there, leering at her. But all she saw was the smooth expanse of the field covered by a solid blanket of snow.

"That's an inch of fresh snow out there," she said. "Any blood trail's gone forever."

"Under normal circumstances," said the Doctor. He was looking at something. Caroline zipped the flap shut and moved back into the tent. She wanted to see what the Doctor was looking at.

Her bag. He was looking at the bag with the stolen dagger in it.

■

Caroline stood holding the silver dagger in the moonlit night. "It was fashioned by the enemies of the Old Ones," the Doctor had said. "It will guide us to the one we seek." Caroline had thought he was mad. But this was the real madness. Standing here in the prairie night watching the blue flames flicker from the blade, shining on the ground.

In the light of the blade strange splashes showed through the mantle of snow, glowing like luminous paint. The Doctor said this was the blood of the creature, and by now Caroline was willing to believe him.

They followed the trail of splashes to the low clump of rocks with a dead tree standing between them. The luminous splotches showed the way to the hidden entrance. If you squeezed past the trunk of the tree there was a tall narrow opening in the rock wall.

They stepped through the entrance and found themselves in a wide, dome-shaped cave. "This is certainly the creature's dwelling place," said the Doctor.

"How can you be so certain?"

"Because he's sitting there waiting for us."

The creature sat cross-legged at the centre of a painted design on the cave floor. The chamber was ringed with stalagmites, like columns surrounding a circular room.

Caroline flinched when she saw the creature. She expected it to leap to its feet, enraged by their intrusion. Instead it seemed to take no notice of their arrival. At first Caroline was relieved. But after a moment the creature's ability to ignore them seemed more frightening than its anger might have been.

It just sat there staring into the centre of the complex painted pattern.

"What is it, Doctor?" Ace was looking at the painted pattern.

"A sort of map, charting the meridians of the ancient world."

"Why isn't he attacking us?"

"Because we seem to have brought him what he wants." The Doctor took the silver dagger from Caroline. Her hand felt funny when she stopped holding it. She ached to touch it again. "He brought us together tonight. He has been weaving our destinies. He must have been a shaman among his people."

The ancient creature sat at the centre of the intersecting lines daubed on the rough cave floor, staring blindly into the intricacies of them.

"He has been dormant for untold centuries," said the Doctor, "Perhaps waiting for a chance to rise again or . . ."

"Or what?"

"He was old when the world was young," said the Doctor, staring at the creature. On his face there was no trace of the fear that Caroline felt, or the disgust for the creature that was plain in Ace's looks. Instead the Doctor stared at the thing with an odd expression of pity. "I think he is weary. Perhaps he just wishes for peace."

"Peace?"

"Let's find out."

The Doctor edged forward through the ring of stalagmites towards the pale figure.

But as soon as he moved the thing glanced up at him. Immediately there was a pale shimmer on the floor of the cave and a ripple of energy flashed along the painted meridians like electricity along a wire. It surged out of the bedrock near the Doctor, flowing up a stalagmite and blowing it to smithereens. Mineral splinters ricocheted around the cave like shrapnel.

The Doctor didn't flinch at the explosion but he reluctantly retreated. "I was afraid of that," he said as he came back to Ace. "Humans are only distant cousins of this creature, but nonetheless they are closer blood-kin than one like myself." He sighed. "He will only permit human beings near. You will have to approach him. You or Caroline."

"Caroline? Where is she?"

When the Doctor had begun to approach the thing Caroline Wade had decided she didn't want to watch. She still felt strange to be no longer holding the dagger. The ache in her hand had spread up her arm. She found that she had turned away and wandered deeper into the cave, into the shadows beyond the domed chamber. There she found a short tunnel which led into a smaller chamber. She tried to turn back before she entered the chamber, but it was no good. She felt a dreamlike compulsion. It was like the moment in the museum when she'd disconnected the alarm and opened the glass case with the dagger inside.

She watched her actions like a detached passenger inside her own skull. She stepped into the chamber. Spread out there before her were things which made the dagger look like a cheap trinket.

Strangely shaped silver vessels with odd, dark gemstones fitted in them. Weapons of the oddest design. Things which might have been pieces of armour.

Now the same magpie impulse which made Caroline Wade take the dagger had her stooping low to reach out and touch the nearest object, a squat chalice set with red gems.

In the main cave the shaman twitched as if a fly had buzzed past his face, disturbing him. He closed his eyes for a moment of intense concentration and the ghostly energy surged along the painted meridians again, shimmering like a miniature *aurora borealis*. It swept out of the domed chamber, past the ring of stalagmites, down the passage and into the treasure chamber. It surged towards Caroline like lethal electricity along a cable.

She was dead in an instant.

The shaman had destroyed her as casually as he might have swatted a fly.

The flash of light which killed Caroline illuminated the short tunnel. The Doctor and Ace ran down it to see what happened. When the Doctor saw Caroline's body he made a harsh noise in his throat. "I should have taken better care of her. She was still under his spell. She didn't know what she was doing."

He turned and strode back to the main chamber. The shaman still sat there at the centre of his complex patterns, unperturbed.

"Here," said the Doctor. "This is what he wants." He handed Ace the silver dagger. "Give it to him."

Ace stepped gingerly through the ring of stalagmites. She found herself trying not to step on any of the painted lines.

As she drew near, the thing stared up at her. For the first time Ace got a proper look at its eyes.

Eyes so full of knowledge and pain that Ace couldn't look into them. The shaman reached out to take the knife from her and she had no strength to resist him. As he took the knife his cold smooth hand brushed hers, and his touch completed what his gaze began.

Ace found her consciousness suddenly cut adrift from herself. Her mind spiralled away like water down a drain. With the last of her ebbing awareness she saw the shaman stand. He was grasping the dagger, holding it high and ready. She watched helplessly as he plunged it –

Into his own chest.

And that was all she remembered.

Until now.

Until the drowsy comforting warmth of the acupuncture office and the pleasant sensation of the man gently drawing the silver needles from her back.

"Do you remember now?"

"Yes," said Ace. "I remember everything. I'm Ace and I lost my memory but you've got it back for me. Thank you." She smiled at the Doctor. "It was funny not being able to remember who you were, or who I was."

"Your memory was swept away just by coming close to the shaman in the cave. He had immense powers. That's how he brought us there on that night to fulfil his destiny."

"To die, you mean?"

"He had outlived his time. He was the last of his people and he had no desire to live alone in our world. But he was immortal and normal death eluded him. So he needed a weapon fashioned by his ancient enemies. And we provided it."

Ace shivered as she followed the Doctor out of the office and down the creaky stairs. "Pretty depressing. And poor Caroline."

"Yes. Her lifeline led her into that cave but not back out."

Ace rubbed her back as they wandered down a sunny back street together. A fresh wind blew past them. "That acupuncture certainly works, doesn't it?"

"Because your memory is so clear and vivid now?" asked the Doctor proudly.

"No, because I really fancy a Chinese takeaway." ◆

Last Orders

In the fourth and final instalment of this marathon interview, Nicholas Courtney takes a final look at Nick Briggs' video collection, retreading the steps of Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart through the Eighties, into the Nineties and beyond . . .

"I thought it was rather a nice idea that the Brigadier had retired from UNIT and was now teaching maths at a public school," muses Nicholas Courtney as the tape of *Mawdryn Undead* enters the VCR. He looks at the screen. "Ah, the Brigadier without a moustache! It was during this one that I became terribly conscious of that bald patch at the back of my head. I don't mind about it now, though.

"I liked the script, but I never understood it. I took it away to the South of France and went to stay with a friend of mine. I said to her, 'Do you understand this script?' She said, 'No, but don't you?' I said, 'No, why should I?' She said, 'Well, you've been in *Doctor Who*, you should understand all this!' But it turned out to be a very popular story. When I watched the finished thing, however, I still didn't understand it. I remember one of the Brigadiers had Ronald Reagan hair to 'young him up' a bit.

"Mark Strickson was lovely. Yes, I liked him. I got on very well with Sarah Sutton and young Fielding. I liked them. Peter Moffatt directed this one. He always used to wake me up in rehearsal. I was always lying down on the bed. He used to say, 'Come on, it's your scene now. Wake up, Brig dear!' Valentine Dyall was an excellent chap too. They'd changed the theme tune a bit by this time, hadn't they? I rather liked it. Nothing much else had changed, not as far as I was concerned. Of course, there were no monsters in this one, just David Collings as Mawdryn and his spaghetti head.

"I'd worked with Peter Davison before, in a sitcom called *Sink or Swim*. I played his bank manager. I remember, when I played a scene with him, he never stopped laughing at me. We were sitting opposite each other, and I said, 'Why are you laughing?' He said, 'You make me laugh. You're very funny.' I said, 'Well, that's all right, then'. Whether I made him laugh or not in *Doctor Who*, I don't know. He's very easy to work with. Amiable guy. He was very bold casting. It changed the emphasis casting a younger person; possibly to appeal to a younger set of viewers maybe. Anyway, there were lots of different strands in the story. It was jolly nice to come back to the show and I was very happy. Nice to be asked back. It was a terrifically happy atmosphere. Peter Grimwade wrote it very well. He'd been a PA on *The Dæmons* as you probably know.

Nick catches one of his *Mawdryn* lines. "Flog that boy to within an inch of his life!" He laughs.

"After we'd recorded *Mawdryn Undead*, John Nathan-Turner came up to me in the bar afterwards and said, 'Nick, you were with Pat Troughton, weren't you?' I said, 'Yes'. He said, 'Good. Just asking. Would you like to be in the special?' I said, 'You bet. Absolutely.' Originally, of course, they were going to have my scenes with Jon Pertwee. But when Tom Baker declined to do it, they had to rearrange the companions with different Doctors, so all my stuff was with Pat Troughton. We were in North Wales, which was very cold. But Pat always had his flask there. 'Would you like a nogglet, Nick?'."

Nick is already engrossed in watching *The Five Doctors*. The odd comment flies my way.

"John Levene was originally asked to be that sergeant at the beginning, but he declined . . . That's a real moustache there, you know. I grew my own . . . Of course, the best person to write this was Terrance Dicks . . . Oh, I wanted that little figurine of the Brigadier, but I didn't get it. Anyway, I thought the story worked rather well."

Another tape goes into the machine. "Is that *Battlefield*?" asks Nick. "Oh, yes. Whenever they brought me back, they gave me some good stuff to do. Michael Kerrigan directed this. I did an episode of

The Bill for him later on. I played a judge. He was a smashing guy."

Lethbridge-Stewart's replacement, Brigadier Winifred Bambera, puts in an appearance on screen. "Ah, the Brigadette, as we called her! I'd already met Sylvester. Would you believe it, he came into a pub one day when I was meeting with John Nathan-Turner? We got on very well. He gave me a sort of shambolic salute. Sylvester is a very nice man. Very easy to work with, and great fun. Very kind. He is totally unpredictable.

"John asked me if I minded the Brigadier being killed off. I said, 'No, I don't mind', because I suspected that *Doctor Who* was coming to an end by now. I was quite convinced that it was all right to kill me off. Then they changed their minds. I think it was just before they started filming. John said to me, 'Well, Nick, there's so much happening that your death won't be noticed'. So he said, 'We're not going to kill you off'.

"John asked me if I minded the Brigadier being killed off. I said, 'No, I don't mind"

"I loved that scene with the Destroyer, 'Get off my world!'. I love that line. Now watch this, it's very good."

The Brigadier fires and the Destroyer is destroyed. Nick seems satisfied.

"They played around with the publicity a bit. There were rumours that I was going to be killed; that two different endings were filmed. There weren't two different endings."

I ask Nick if he was a willing participant in this deception.

"In this tomfoolery, this chicanery? Indeed, in this calumny?" he roars, scandalised, before adding, "Yes!"

John Nathan-Turner was a great one for that kind of –

"Skulduggery!" Nick interjects. "Yes!"

Angela Douglas as Doris is now on the screen. "Oh yes, she was lovely. She certainly lived up to my expectations of Doris. I actually did a commercial with her in Europe a few weeks ago. She was playing my wife again."

As for who owns the nice house the Brigadier lives in, Nick is adamant that the Brig didn't marry for money. It's all part of a nice retirement package from UNIT, he maintains. "Absolutely. I think the Brig was able to afford that because of the terrific golden handshake he got from UNIT on his official retirement. I say 'official', because he's come out of retirement since. Basically, I think that one of his parents must have recently died, and I think there was a lot of money in the Lethbridge-Stewart family. That would account for this rather splendid mansion and the splendid garden in which the Brigadier was obviously very proficient at planting his roses – quite unlike Nicholas Courtney, who hasn't got green fingers at all! That element of the character required some very serious acting indeed!"

Battlefield's action-packed storyline offered a particular challenge to Nick. Roll that helicopter crash again . . .

"Oh, my hat blew off!" laughs Nick. "That was wonderful wasn't it? Bang! Up it went, blowing the hat off and revealing all; the most beautiful bald top. I think when it had first been spotted in 1974, a director said to me, 'Do make-up your sixpence'. Well, I don't think that bald spot is a sixpence now. I think it's not only bigger than half a crown, it's more like a saucer!

"Of course, as you can see, I tried very hard for the hat not to come off – and I shoved it back on as quick as possible – but we could only do one take. It would have been very expensive, blowing the helicopter up twice. So we had to accept the take that worked. There were other takes, in point of fact, when the hat didn't come off – but on the final occasion, I'm afraid it did. However, we don't want to worry about that, do we?

"Now then, when I finished *Battlefield*, back I went to the theatre, but there are always the *Doctor Who* conventions. I particularly like doing autograph panels. It gives you a chance to have a brief word with everyone, but you don't get too crowded. I find it very easy. I could go on for hours on end – and do! It's nice if a little amber liquid is sometimes brought to refresh me.

"I find that I can't now stay for too long actually socialising at a *Doctor Who* convention. If fans want to talk to me about this that and the other, of course I'm happy to talk. That's what I'm there for. But you must also know when to say, 'Stop. Please leave me alone. I've got to go and have a rest'. You see, conventions are hard work, because you've got to have a public face all day long, and you certainly must never be rude to anyone.

"Anyway, there were a couple of theatrical tours in the meantime. One was *M Butterfly*. I'd actually turned down the West End version of that to do *Battlefield* – which surprised everyone, including me! So I did the tour of it later, instead, with George Chakiris in the leading role. I was the French ambassador. A good part. Then I did a tour of a golfing play with Eric Sykes . . . and the less I talk about him, the better. But George Chakiris was a delight!

"Anyway, I was soon back in the world of *Doctor Who*. I think it was Jon Pertwee who talked to Dirk Maggs at BBC Radio about doing *Doctor Who* on radio. Then it turned out Dirk couldn't do it, so he spread the idea about. Phil Clarke eventually directed it and showed enormous interest. I think it was probably Jon's idea to get Barry Letts to write it, because he'd contributed heavily to the programme, not just as a producer, but as a writer, all those years ago – you know, *The Dæmons* and all that. A lot of all that stuff was Barry's writing."

We are, of course, talking about *The Paradise of Death*, *Doctor Who*'s long-awaited return to the audio medium after the less enthusiastically acclaimed *Slipback*.

"There was Maurice Denham, and the villain, wonderfully played by Harold Innocent. Peter Miles played his right-hand man. Then there was Trevor Martin, who had played the Doctor on stage."

Nick clearly enjoyed the production, having developed an affinity with radio during his time on the BBC's radio rep. But there's

Far left:
Nicholas Courtney as the Brigadier in his most recent adventure *Battlefield*.
Photo © BBC

Left:
In *Mawdryn Undead*, the Brigadier comes face to face with a new incarnation of the Doctor (Peter Davison).

Below:
In rehearsal for *Mawdryn Undead*, Nicholas Courtney meets his double, actor Richard Sheekey.
Photos © BBC Video

Right, top to bottom: Nicholas Courtney and Patrick Troughton share a joke on location in Wales for *The Five Doctors*; in character as The Brigadier and the Second Doctor from the same story. Photos © BBC Video; The Brigadier discusses the situation in *Battlefield* with Shou Yuing (Ling Tai), the Doctor (Sylvester McCoy) and Ace (Sophie Aldred). Photo © BBC

one thing that still troubles him about *The Paradise of Death*: the pink toenails.

"Yes! It was all very extraordinary. I never quite understood. There was this scene where the Brigadier puts the headset on and goes into what I suppose you call virtual reality. I don't think I ever really understood that in itself – but the Brigadier wouldn't anyway. So, the Brigadier says, 'Yes, here I am at the races' – well, I can understand that; it's very close to my heart! Then suddenly he says, 'I can see my pink toenails'. I never quite understood why the Brigadier should have pink toenails. Someone did try to explain, but I never quite grasped it."

Trying to be helpful, I explain that I think he was sensing somebody else's experiences. The experiences of someone who had pink toenails. Nick laughs, and then stops to consider. "Yeeees . . ." he says warily. "But why should he be experiencing somebody else's experiences? Somebody with pink toenails? I mean, what's the point of that? Who does he think he is? A sort of floozy or something? I don't think pink toenails would suit me. Perhaps I ought to try it tonight, then go around in sandals and see if I get any wolf-whistles!"

Moving on . . .

"I think the radio documentary was the first of the many things I did for the programme's Thirtieth Anniversary back in '93. I narrated the whole thing. All sorts of people were interviewed and I did the links. Phil Clarke produced that.

"I was very busy around that time. I was rehearsing for *The Mousetrap* in the West End and I was running around doing voice-overs for those five-minute documentaries which were on before that repeat showing of . . . the Dalek one . . . *Planet of the Daleks*. There was one with Ian Levine appearing in it. For some reason they thought I was the right person for the job. They kept me very busy. Earlier in the year, they had the Anniversary launch at that extraordinary building in Hammersmith, The Ark. I had to make a speech that was written for me by Adrian Rigelsford. I'm actually doing something for him tomorrow at BAFTA. That's me, Caroline John and Bill Baggs is involved in that. You know, he asked me to be in one of his videos once? I think I was busy at the time; but I'd like to do one.

"And of course, if Adrian's *Dark Dimension* had happened, I was going to have quite a bit to do in it. Involved?! I should rubber-dub! It was me, Tom Baker and Sophie. We were the three leads. The rest of the Doctors were also-rans. I was rather sad that it didn't come off. But I think they hadn't worked out how to do it properly. I don't think they'd been in touch with all the Doctors. Some of them might not have wanted to do it, because they certainly didn't feature in that script a lot. So they might not have been happy to do it anyway. But I was rather disappointed, because I expected to earn a bit of money, and also have a very good part. It was odd. It was a hiccough.

"Then there was *30 Years in the TARDIS* with Kevin Davies – which he got me doing one Sunday morning. I was in *The Mousetrap* by that time. It was fun being driven away in a car by an Auton! After that, you never knew what happened to the Brigadier – whether he got out of the Autons' clutches or not. Kevin did lots of filming. He did very well. As you know, it was because of that that they were able to expand it to *More Than 30 Years in the TARDIS*. He made an excellent job of it.

"Of course, we all did the experimental so-called 3D thing in September '93 for *Children in Need*. I don't think the 3D entirely took off. Certain bits look a bit 3D-ish, but I don't think it was worth all that effort, I must say. I thought it was a nice idea getting every single person who had been involved in the programme into it: but it was a bit confusing. It was just 'Spot the Doctor' or 'Spot the companion'. But what else could they do?

"It was good to finally meet up with the Sixth Doctor. That was deliberately put in by John Nathan-Turner who thought that was a good wheeze.

"Ah yes, and then there was the helicopter. There was this terrifying German cameraman. He came up in the helicopter with me. This helicopter had no doors at all. It was completely open on both sides; which I didn't care for very much. There was a seatbelt, but that doesn't give you an enormous amount of confidence, particularly when the cameraman then clambered into the middle and pushed me to one side. I felt as if I was falling out before we even started. He kept on saying to me [adopting a suitably Teutonic accent], 'Now you look down!' I thought, 'No I don't. I've got vertigo! If I look down, I'll fall out!'. This helicopter was weaving and ducking and diving, which was all rather alarming, and this German cameraman was telling me to lean almost out of the door! I found him quite difficult. I had to be quite firm with him. I was even firmer when the helicopter landed. Straight to the pub – five pints rapid!"

Hurtling up to date – and slightly into the future since it hasn't been broadcast yet – we reach the new BBC radio serial *The Ghosts of N-Space*. "I don't know what it was about. None of us knew what it was about. We don't understand it! It's frightfully complicated. It's all ghosts from the past and the present. It's got the admirable Stephen Thorne in it playing a modern-day Al Capone and then a Machiavellian fifteenth-sixteenth century villain. I think it's all about creatures that . . . um, become . . . What do they become? Oh dear . . ."

Become something awful, I suggest.

"Frightful! Yes, indeed," agrees Nick enthusiastically. "The special effects will tell you that. Sandra Dickinson was in it – Peter Davison's ex-wife. Harry Towb was in it – he was the factory manager in *Terror of the Autons* who got taken over by Roger Delgado and got gobbled up by an armchair. He's about the only Northern Irish Jewish actor there is, so he corners all those parts. Actually, he can do loads of accents.

"I never quite understood why the Brigadier should have pink toenails"

"Some people might think radio is easy, because you don't have to learn your lines, but it's much more difficult because you've got to colour everything. Because the audience can't see anything and have to imagine it, your voice has got to whet their imagination. You have to have more colour in it than you possibly would for telly or film, where they can see your face and see the action. You've got to describe it. One punter was very nice, he said he liked the *Doctor Who* plays. He thought they worked. He said, 'I did enjoy listening to the scenery'. That's a lovely expression, I think – and that's what it's about.

"So, you don't have to learn your lines, but you have to do your homework, because it's a pretty instant acting medium. You rehearse parts of a scene or a whole scene a couple of times, then you record it. You do a whole episode in one day. You have to work out your phrasing of the lines!"

The future of the Brigadier is not merely confined to the audio medium, however. Reeltime Pictures' second UNIT epic (coming not so hot on the heels of 1987's *Wartime*) is about to materialise. *Downtime*, directed by Pertwee era veteran Christopher Barry, was filmed over ten days back in April of this year (see page 4 for our in-depth feature). The starring character is none other than the Brigadier himself.

"The saga of *Downtime*. A punishing schedule, which Chris Barry handled extremely well. We worked damn hard every day. I was very tired at the end of those ten days. I only had one day off! We filmed in London and at the University of East Anglia.

"I'll tease you with a bit of plot, but I'm not allowed to say too much. The Brig has a daughter in this one, Kate Lethbridge-Stewart, by his first wife. The story explores their relationship and confronts me once more with the Yeti: therefore we have Jack and Debbie Watling. It's a good script and I think it's going to work out well.

"But the whole project was a hell of a long time coming. It was almost going to happen last year, but then Debbie got a part in the West End and couldn't get released from it. I was in *The Mousetrap*. I couldn't have been released either, but Keith had plans that a lot of my stuff could be shot in London during the week and outside of London on the Sunday. But it would have been pushing it, so I'm rather glad that it was delayed as long as it was, because it would have been a heck of a strain, now looking back on how tired I was anyway! You see, I was playing the lead. No Doctors in it. I was at the forefront. Imagine if I had to go and do The *Mousetrap* every night. I would have been extremely tired."

"It was fun being driven away in a car by an Auton!"

Nick doubts that this will be his last involvement with *Doctor Who*. "Ooh, no, no, no. Bound to be another radio play, I should think. Inevitably, I'll go on doing conventions, won't I? And possibly writing something about it one day; if I can get down to my desk and write down all the pearls of wisdom I've told you about."

It's no accident that Nick was in demand during the programme's Thirtieth Anniversary celebrations. By virtue of his involvement with so many eras of *Doctor Who*, Nicholas Courtney has become one of the programme's foremost elder statesmen. What is it that is so enduring and endearing about the Brigadier?

"My tummy," Nick laughs. Dodging the issue with typical modesty, he says, "Yes, they did use me a hell of a lot for the Anniversary," as if it had never occurred to him before. "It's true that I've spanned so many of the Doctors; maybe they just thought I was the natural person to come to. Maybe I was just cheaper than the others. I just take it all as it comes and am quite grateful for it. But I've been delighted to do it all."

Above: A scene from the *Doctor Who* spin-off *Downtime*, the latest excursion for the Brigadier which also features his daughter, Kate. Photo © Robin Prichard

As for the defining characteristics of Nick Courtney . . . It takes a while to coax Nick to talk about himself. It's that modesty again.

"Survival," says Nick, simply. "I said that many years ago to *The Daily Express*, and they printed it – which is astonishing, that the papers will actually print something someone actually said! I've survived. That's the most important thing for an actor. Survival depends on being kind to each other, whatever relationship you've got at work or in your private life. That helps enormously."

Remembering our first meeting, back in 1984 during the shooting of our first *Myth Makers* video, when we hardly had any off-camera conversation at all, I asked whether he considered himself a shy person.

"Not now. No, I find it very easy to get on with people. I'm very gregarious and pretty outward going. As I've gone through various stages of my life, I find I've learnt not only who my real friends are, but the people I want to be with. I think I find it very difficult now – age has a privilege – to suffer fools gladly. I don't mean people who make mistakes about anything in work or life. We all make mistakes and always will do. I'm sure I will. I certainly won't mention any names here, but through my time involved with *Doctor Who*, I now know the people who I enjoy being with and the people I don't enjoy being with. But I hope I've never been overtly rude to anyone.

"I have an instinct for walking away from trouble, or heavy situations which I shouldn't be involved in – because I feel I can't contribute anything to them. I can, however, deflect an argument. I think I'm very good at that. I can't stop a row forever, but I think I'm a peacemaker. I try to be a peacemaker. I think I have the ability to lighten a situation.

"I can't bear intolerance or extremism. I don't like violence. One of the things that irritates me is people making assumptions. I'm an idealist-realist-optimist-pessimist. That's four good contradictions! I've still got fire in my belly though, especially when it comes to negotiating for the actors' trade union, Equity. I don't like injustice and I don't like unkindness." ◆

Shelf Life

Old tales of K9 and Draconians,
New stories of cats and Chelonians,
The first of our looks
At the audio-books;
The reviews are, as ever, Dave Owen ones!

VIDEOS

FRONTIER IN SPACE

In the twenty-sixth century, two expanding empires are competing for control of the galaxy: the humans and the reptilian Draconians. The Third Doctor and Jo land on an Earth cargo ship just before it is attacked. Accused of being a Draconian spy, the Doctor is sentenced to life imprisonment on the moon. Who has pushed the two powers to the brink of war? Why are the Doctor's old enemies, the Ogrons, involved? And will he be able to prevent war before it is too late?

Epics are something of a rarity in *Doctor Who*. Malcolm Hulke's six-part 1973 story achieves this

sense of scale by including a lot of realistic space travel, a believable back story about the expansion of the two great empires, and one of the best alien races in the entire series. It's easy to see why the Draconians were Jon Pertwee's favourite of all the aliens he confronted as the Doctor. Their high foreheads and regal clothing suggest a wise race with a culture built on tradition and respect. With the actors' mouths and eyes perfectly integrated into their face masks, it's possible to forget that they are masks at all. And they're believable because they're not evil, just proud and stubborn, like the humans.

Frontier in Space features Roger Delgado's last appearance as the Master, and it is his best. He displays a warmth and charm quite absent from earlier stories. His appearance, in the guise of an official from an Earth colony, further enlivens what has previously just been an ambitious space opera.

Katy Manning gives an engagingly dippy, tongue-in-cheek performance as Jo, spending almost the entire story in assorted prisons, cages and cells. When she attempts to hide from the Master the fact that the Doctor has escaped from their cell, she delivers a gloriously hammy monologue on the drawbacks of being a UNIT agent. As the Master comments, "We'll let you know, Miss Grant . . ."

The final episode has one of my favourite scenes ever in *Doctor Who*. The Master appears on a cliff top and announces to the Doctor, below, that he has brought some old friends to meet him, just as three Daleks glide into view. It's the perfect climax to a near-perfect story.

K9 AND COMPANY - A GIRL'S BEST FRIEND

Sarah Jane Smith arrives to spend Christmas at her Aunt Lavinia's home in Moreton Harwood, only to find her missing. She is forced to rely for assistance upon her aunt's young ward, Brendan, and a new ally – K9 Mark III, a gift from the Doctor. What has caused local crop failures and freak weather conditions? Who are the worshippers of Hecate? And who can Sarah trust?

It's strange that *Doctor Who*, with so many charismatic characters and fascinating settings that the jackdaw Time Lord has rarely had time to explore fully, has never successfully spawned a spin-off series. *K9 and Company* is a textbook example of how *not* to do it. It's an investigation into a close rural community turning to their old pagan ways in the face of adversity, in surroundings that are as much 1951 as 1981. But it's a job for Inspector Morse, not for a robot dog from the year 5000. K9's presence in the story made me suspect all along that there must be some stranded aliens or a mad scientist behind the rustic mystery, but the only fantastic element in the fifty minutes is K9 himself.

Sarah is far less fun without the Doctor. Elisabeth Sladen's journalist has grown into a prickly, colder woman, and become an authority figure rather than the slightly impudent girl of days gone by. Young viewers are presumably supposed to identify with Brendan, a Blytonesque public schoolboy, home for the hols to solve mysteries and go on adventures. Ian Sears is believable, but his character is thirty years out of date.

The story is frankly dull, and only saved by a few supporting characters whose presence dwarfs the leads, especially Mary Wimbush as the crusty Aunt Lavinia and Linda Polan as the mysterious Juno Baker. It's passable children's drama, but lacks the magic of *Doctor Who* itself, and is all played terribly earnestly, with K9 the only character allowed to have any humour. And he used to be *much* funnier alongside his original partner. You know, the tall chap, with wild eyes and a long scarf.

This production's single redeeming feature is the opening title sequence. Over a bouncy theme tune, Elisabeth Sladen jogs, drives and poses around the countryside like an advertising campaign in search of a product. Watching it several times over induced great hilarity in your reviewer, and is recommended in preference to viewing the whole tape.

This is not K9's finest hour.

DALEKMANIA

Considering the amount of coverage given to the two Sixties Amicus Dalek films in Kevin Davies' earlier documentary *30 Years in the TARDIS*, it's no surprise that his new project focuses upon them. *Dalekmania* is aimed both at the serious film buff and the *Doctor Who* fan. The cinema trailers for both films are presented intact, and by including the movies' most spectacular scenes, left me determined to watch them again. American, Italian and French versions are also included, complete with incongruous overdubbed dialogue.

Much of the tape consists of interviews to camera illustrated by appropriate and often witty choices of widescreen excerpts and stills. Roberta Tovey (Susan) contributes fond and clear memories. *Dr Who and the Daleks* cast members Barrie Ingham (Alydon) and Yvonne Antrobus (Dyoni) are particularly entertaining, especially when describing the consternation amongst the burly Covent Garden Market porters forced to shave their chests and wear false eyelashes to appear as Thals. Insights into the second film, *Daleks – Invasion Earth 2150 AD*, are offered by Jill Curzon (Louise) and stuntman Eddie Powell, whose points are illustrated by slow-motion zoomed-in clips.

Many people involved in the films have sadly died, and with director Gordon Flemyng proving unavailable, the task of explaining the films' background falls to **Marvel**'s own Marcus Hearn. Dalek creator Terry Nation offers his own views on the success of the Daleks and their cinema appearances.

The serious documentary material is framed by charming sequences of two youngsters being chased in and around a Sixties cinema by Daleks, Robomen and even a Dalek saucer. They enliven an otherwise slightly dry programme that is nonetheless more focused and coherent than *30 Years in the TARDIS*. Recommended.

BOOKS

INVASION OF THE CAT-PEOPLE

Four thousand years ago, members of an alien exploration team from one of the oldest races in the universe crash-landed in Australia and have been living hidden on Earth ever since. Now, in the present day, they are followed to Earth by the Cat-People. Aboard the TARDIS, Polly is having strange dreams. Can they be linked to Tim, a strangely persuasive young man? What on Earth do the aliens want? And can the Doctor prevent them taking it?

Having found Gary Russell's debut, *Legacy*, one of the dullest of the *New Adventures*, I was wary of this *Missing Adventure*, especially given the B-movie title. Thankfully, *Invasion of the Cat-People* (ISBN 0 426 20440 9) contains a panoply of interesting locales and characters, and the title is, if nothing else, accurate.

Gary's inspiration seems to stem from his friendship with Anneke Wills, who played Polly on screen, and even contributes a lively foreword to the book. Ben Jackson and Polly Wright (the surname given her by script editor Gerry Davis, but never used until now) are two of the most likeable companions of the Doctor, and deserve a book set here before they had to share the limelight with Jamie. Gary provides convincing and interesting personal histories for the pair, in the most engaging passages in the book.

With a very conversational prose style that lends itself well to following the characters' inner dialogues, Gary's strength lies in describing the thoughts and lives of the human characters. He's less good at portraying three-dimensional alien species. There are too many representatives of both the Cat-People and the Euterpians, so they become indistinguishable. Also, at the very beginning of the book there's only the slightest of hints that they are two separate races, and I was confused until this finally dawned on me. The Euterpians are the more interesting, especially Atimkos, who uses the identity of a young Goth called Tim to hide his true nature. The eponymous Cat-People are simply anthropomorphized versions of the domestic cat. This goes too far when the Doctor is told that he was "not given permission to mew". How very silly.

The storyline is too complicated, and contains an unnecessary visit to historical Baghdad that reminded me of the padding in *The Daleks' Master Plan*. Occasional scientific lapses have crept in – there's no such thing as an atom-sized particle of glass, for example, and the book confuses the function of a magnetic strip and a magnetic strip reader.

Despite such slips, I enjoyed the book because of the obvious depth of research and strong human characterisations. I'd advise Gary to try a historical adventure next time.

ZAMPER

Concealed within a fold in space, the planet Zamper is a neutral arms supplier to warring factions in the galaxy. Workers spend their entire lives on Zamper, helping to sell super-advanced battleships to anyone with the money. Where do the ships come from? Why do the Chelonians want to buy one? And who are the management?

By now I suspect that Gareth Roberts finds writing his *Doctor Who* novels as effortless and enjoyable as I find reading them. His latest *New Adventure*, *Zamper* (ISBN 0 426 20450 6) has all his trademarks. It is peopled by characters who, despite being centuries in the future or light years distant, share the same kinds of ambitions and concerns that you or I might. And it's a straightforward, undemanding story that unfolds like an everyday family drama, making it more evocative of televised *Doctor Who* than most *New Adventures*.

This novel sees the return of the Chelonians, the race of Matriarchal Bionic Squaddie Turtles that Gareth introduced in *The Highest Science* in 1993. As well as First Pilot Ivzid, a young hothead typical of his race, there's the older and wiser General Hezzka, who forms a genuinely touching friendship with Bernice. So although the Chelonians are typical *Doctor Who* aliens with one aspect dominating their behaviour (in this case military colonialism), here we see that there are many shades to their green. I particularly liked the Chelonian National Anthem, although sadly we don't get all 158 verses.

In an original twist, rather than simply arriving on the planet and then splitting up, the TARDIS crew land in a test ship that is about to be crashed on to the surface of Zamper. Their only way out is in separate escape pods. Once on the planet they meet the various humans who act as a front to the miraculous starship foundry. They're reminiscent of the employees of Tranquil Repose in *Revelation of the Daleks*, complete with petty jealousies and other attendant workplace traumas.

Of the two new companions, I'm finding more entertainment in young Chris Cwej. Like a young *Doctor Who* fan somehow transported into the Doctor's adventures, he still has a wide-eyed sense of wonder about all around him, and a dangerous weakness for young bimbos with dark secrets.

Zamper's gentle occasional humour is far preferable to the anarchic comedy of last month's *Sky Pirates!*. Unlike Gareth's previous contributions to the series, which have petered out a little towards the end, this book retains its momentum throughout, and I was kept guessing to the last about the true nature of the creatures producing the starships.

Zamper is a soothingly unpretentious read.

AUDIO

BBC RADIO COLLECTION AUDIO BOOKS

Talking books are a booming phenomenon and now the BBC Audio Collection is releasing an initial six *Doctor Who* novelisations in this format, as low-price ninety-minute single tapes, read by the actors who portrayed the Doctor in the respective television stories. Many are extremely short books in the first place, requiring minimal abridgement to fit on the tape. But ironically these shorter books, with fewer poetic descriptive passages, are actually less worthy of being read aloud.

I don't think the tapes are targeted at hard-core *Doctor Who* fans, who will probably have the books in the first place. But they'd serve as an excellent introduction to the series for listeners who have never seen it on television. For fans, it's best to try and forget the televised stories when listening to the tapes. Hearing Peter Davison read *Warriors of the Deep*, for example, I could visualise a much darker, run-down, and therefore dramatic Sea Base Four than the one portrayed on screen. The incidental music from this story is used to punctuate the tape, and oddly enough, it features on some of the other releases as well.

The readers make a good attempt to voice the different characters, such as Peter Davison's Australian accent for Tegan. However, I'm glad I wasn't driving when listening to *Planet of the Daleks*, since my tears of laughter at Jon Pertwee's nasal cockney Dalek voices would certainly have led to a serious accident! He's much more successful at voicing the diverse alien delegates in *The Curse of Peladon*.

The stories have been abridged skilfully. However, the vast majority of pronunciations of races and characters in *Planet of the Daleks* differ from those used on screen. This, like the transposed incidental music, will infuriate fans but won't matter to the more casual listeners who have far more to gain from the tapes anyway. They're not replacements for the original books or videos, but help pass the time in traffic jams admirably.

A warning to the curious . . .

The Devil of Winterborne

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COMING SOON

THE RETURN OF THE CYBERMEN . . .

Timelines

compiled by **Scott Gray**

Send your letters to:
Timelines
Doctor Who Magazine
Marvel Comics Ltd
Arundel House
13 - 15 Arundel Street
London WC2R 3DX

Patriot games

Matthew Jones' *A Very British Who* (*Fluid Links*, **DWM** 226) was an intelligent and refreshingly critical examination of the colonial prejudices that lay behind *Doctor Who*'s peculiar brand of 'Britishness'. However, it seems to me that this Britishness was in decline as early as the later Tom Baker stories, and had completely disappeared by the Sixth and Seventh Doctors. The Fifth Doctor may have been an adept cricketer but he also showed more sympathy for the separate identities of the races which he came into contact with than any of his predecessors. Stories such as *The Caves of Androzani*, *Vengeance on Varos* and the second segment of *The Trial of a Time Lord* dealt with inter-cultural relationships more in terms of economic exploitation than territorial expansionism, an issue of far greater and wider relevance than Seventies' stories about colonialism.

Such discussion therefore makes the interview with Philip Segal (printed in the same issue) rather worrying reading. Segal's commitment to protecting the Britishness of *Doctor Who* is embarrassingly jingoistic. Combined with his apparent rejection of the progression that the programme made after Tom Baker, Segal's comments are also disturbingly reactionary. Why on Earth did his insistence on casting a British actor as the Doctor receive a standing ovation at an American convention? There are many American actors who could fill the role as well as any of the previous incumbents (Samuel Jackson anybody?)

The only real worry I can see over the problem of making a new series of *Doctor Who* (in any country) is that of demographics. As has often been repeated, any science-fiction show being produced requires a very large audience to justify the amount of money needed to make such a show. This often results in an obsessive desire on behalf of the makers to avoid offending anybody at any time. Shows thus produced tend to be insipid, uninvolving tales that treat their audience like moral midgets (stand up please, *Star Trek* and all its variants). I don't mean to be quite so negative about the televised future of *Doctor Who*, and Philip Segal's commitment to ensuring the high quality of scripts is indeed very encouraging. *Doctor Who* has a varied, vocal and (usually) intelligent fan base. A lively debate over this subject can only help ensure that a new series will maintain the quality set by the old series.

Ian Cooke
Kingston-on-Thames, Surrey.

Looking good

I thought I'd just write in to say how much I enjoy your publication. Over the last few issues, the magazine has vastly improved. The return of the *Crazy Caption* is very welcome as a replacement for Leighton Noyes' *Doctor Oho* – his artwork was always interesting and innovative and it's a shame you can't get him back to do something else.

The introduction of *Fluid Links* with its bleached-out/high-contrast photos and Matthew Jones' thought-provoking comments make for a welcome break from the more factual items. More please.

However, the highest praise must go to the inspired move of putting the star interview at the start of the magazine. The double-page photo leaps out and grabs you straight away. Of particular note was the Sylvester McCoy/Bonnie Langford photo accompanying the Andrew Cartmel interview. The rarely-seen photographs are well-used and clearly printed and the more commonly seen are presented in such a refreshing way that they appear as new, without having to resort to the "Quantelled" multi-images that other publications are so want to do. The Michael Craze main photo is a case in point; obviously a lot of thought went into this and this care and attention is evident throughout the magazine.

I have only praise for your magazine and I look forward to it more every month. Although I must say that when I first open each issue I'm now filled initially with dread: there is so much in it, I never know where to start. And when I do, I can't stop.

Congratulations to the new **DWM** team; you've managed to turn a good magazine into an excellent one. All this when the programme you're based on has not been made for six years. Gosh. Well done.

Gemma Kavanagh
Leatherhead, Surrey.

Gemma, what can we say? Bless you, and may you shortly win the lottery.

Doctor Who?

This is a brief letter to express my appreciation for the contribution of Tim Quinn and Dicky Howett to **DWM** over the past decade or more, and my sorrow over their departure. I do not know how long the *Doctor Who?* strip has been running in the magazine but I have been buying **DWM** for the past ten years (going all the way back to Issue 97) and they seemed to be already firmly established at that stage.

During the past ten years I have grown from a boy of twelve to an adult of twenty-two, but throughout that time their strip has always been one of the first features of the magazine that I turned to (to say nothing of the occasional full-page spreads – who can forget the *Doctor Who History Tour*?). They will be sorely missed.

Richard Long
Fareham, Hants.

THE HIT PARADE

*In the first of a brand new series, **DWM** writers, editors and artists agonise over a brutal decision: ranking their top ten* Doctor Who *stories . . .*

Andrew Pixley
*(**DWM** archivist)*

1. *The Ambassadors of Death*
"A complex story combining space opera with intrigue, good characters and some quite marvelously violent fight scenes – not forgetting the helicopter hijack sequence for Recovery 7."

2. *Ghost Light*
"Marc Platt's dark and witty script conjured up for me the Seventh Doctor at his best in an offbeat tale steeped in the very finest *Sapphire and Steel* atmosphere, helped along by Mark Ayres' haunting incidentals."

3. *The Gunfighters*
"I adore spoof westerns, so Donald Cotton's expertly crafted comedy always makes enjoyable viewing. William Hartnell and Peter Purves show their gift for comic timing and the ballad is continually entertaining."

4. *Kinda*
"Character drama at its best – a story bursting with tension and fantasy, demonstrated by the performances of Simon Rouse and Mary Morris. Peter Howell delivers one of his best scores in a good vehicle for Peter Davison's Doctor."

5. *Spearhead from Space*
"Oh, if only all *Doctor Who* had been made on film – Derek Martinus brilliantly captures the horrific nature of Robert Holmes' unnerving script, as well as actually making UNIT look like real soldiers."

6. *Warriors' Gate*
"One of the many brave moves to take *Doctor Who* into new territories which was fresh and exciting. The viewer is kept guessing and entertained by Stephen Gallagher's novel concepts and fun characters."

7. *The Myth Makers*
"More from Mr Cotton with some great one-liners. The fight – if one can call it that – between Steven and Paris is probably the funniest sequence in the show's history, and as Paris says, 'You're a bit late to say 'whoa' to the horse!'"

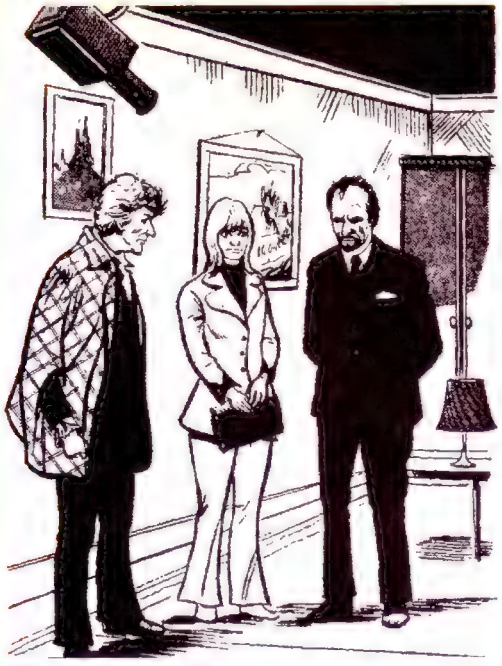
8. *The Talons of Weng-Chiang*
"Back to my love of Victorian settings with another Holmes story – a mixture of humour and extreme nastiness with every period cliché imaginable. It's like eating too much very rich cheese: the strong taste is very addictive.

9. *The Caves of Androzani*
"With the exception of a rather plasticky dragon, a story that triumphs in all respects – Graeme Harper's exhilarating direction and a superb cast bringing some of Robert Holmes' best characters so vividly to life."

10. *The Dæmons*
"The first complete *Doctor Who* serial I ever saw which thus holds special memories for me, and also a story in which the Doctor, Jo Master and UNIT line-up are shown at their very best with action and fun."

Off TARGET

by Quaquaequed



The ingenious use of concealed cameras ensured that Miss Grant was totally unaware that she was about to be handed a 'Gotcha'

I have never felt the need to write to **DWM** before because I have always liked the layout of the magazine. However, I can't understand why you have consigned *Gallifrey Guardian* to the back page. I do like all the other features but I feel that it's important to have the news items at the beginning, especially as the fans are waiting to read about definite news regarding the new series of *Doctor Who*. So please, please could you return *Gallifrey Guardian* back to its proper place.

Peter Thomas
Islington,
London.

Sorry you don't like the new positioning of Gallifrey Guardian, *Peter, but that's where it's staying for the foreseeable future. We're not trying to de-prioritize the feature – in fact, I hope you'll agree the news pages are in great shape these days. Don't forget,* Gallifrey Guardian *is just as easy to find at the back of the mag as it is at the front!*

The twenty questions

Having just indulged in the experience of **DWM** 227, I felt inspired to write to your wonderful magazine.

Firstly, may I say that the various regenerations you have blessed us with over the past year or so have been, in my view, utterly successful. The most recent new features such as *Out of the TARDIS* and *Meridians*, the first instalment of the prose adventure series, are excellent! However, I do have to confess to being somewhat bored while reading Dave Owen's seemingly bland and functional style of reviewing. The always interesting, often even eclectic observations of Gary Russell and Craig Hinton will be missed (by me, anyway).

Regarding future developments, I have to agree with Timothy Pollock (*Timelines* 227) that more Telesnap specials would be a fine idea. Unlike Chris Williams (also in *Timelines* 227), however, I understand and appreciate that ultimately the magazine is a product, and am *more* than grateful for the excellence you give us for our £2.75!

Something I would be very interested to learn about would be the careers of popular actors featured in *Doctor Who* outside of the programme. Obviously, one can discover such information relatively easily, but it would be nice to have a list of the actor's main work printed after the interview. I suspect many readers may find this idea boring, so I make my suggestion coyly!

Finally, salutations to Paul Cornell and Andy Lane for *Human Nature* and *Original Sin* respectively; in my opinion, two of the most brilliant *New Adventures* which must be highly recommended to non-readers of the novel series. Paul Cornell is part of a rarefied group of writers who I feel I can call "special". I possess quite a large book collection, having been reading almost constantly for seventeen of my twenty-three years, but have only re-read titles by Antonin Artaud, Richard Matheson, Charles Dickens, Italo Calvino and Paul Cornell. Illustrious company, indeed! It is also worthy of note that the stimulation and excitement a Terrance Dicks *Doctor Who* novelisation gave me when I was but a tot, is more than equalled by a Cornell *Doctor Who* book's effect on me now as a quite well-read "adult".

Anyway, thanks for listening, and let's all keep on losing ourselves in the marvellous peculiarity of the greatest show in the galaxy, *Doctor Who*.

Kevin McHale
London

Congratulations on the new image of **DWM**. It is wonderfully presented and excellently written. Dave Owen has brought new life to *Shelf Life*, making him the perfect person to take over from Craig Hinton. Also deserving recognition is the prose *Doctor Who* story *Meridians* (**DWM** 227), which is an interesting new adventure and a great contrast to the normal comic strip story. But with all this excellent new material why did such an annoying article get in to **DWM**? *Out of the TARDIS*, the interview with Sophie Aldred, was a washout. Who really wants to know what Sophie's favourite toy was or what is the first thing she does in the morning? An interview about what she is doing now or an interview structured like Michael Craze's or Nicholas Courtney's would have been given a warm welcome. It is just disappointing to see one article spoil an overall wonderful magazine such as this.

I hope I have not offended anyone, but **DWM** is normally so good I don't want to see it drop in standards. But keep up the new articles, the magazine keeps on improving.

Alistair Robson
Rainham,
Kent.

Well, I'm afraid we're in total disagreement here, Alistair – Out of the TARDIS *was my favourite piece in* **DWM** *227. The idea of the series is to get under the skin of* Doctor Who *personalities in a light-hearted way, letting them reveal a bit more about themselves and their lifestyles than they ever could in a standard* Doctor Who*-related interview. What do the rest of you think about this new addition to* **DWM**?

COMING IN ISSUE 230

John Levene

RSM Benton is recalled for duty as John Levene discusses his long association with *Doctor Who*, playing both monsters and the fondly-remembered UNIT soldier . .

The Doctors: 30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond

We lift the lid on the forthcoming *Doctor Who* video documentary, and offer you the chance to order a special, extended version of the video – available only to readers of **DWM.**

The Mutants

A complete Archive on this Jon Pertwee adventure, with unseen photos, in-depth production notes and an interview with set designer Jeremy Bear.

The Curse of the Scarab Part Three

by Alan Barnes and Martin Geraghty

Kephri is about to rise again – and the Doctor is all that stands between Hollywood and the day of the locust . . .

The Final Analysis Part One *by Gareth Roberts*

Beginning a new Fourth Doctor and Romana prose adventure: The two Time Lords arrive at an interstellar health clinic – which is about to get very unhealthy indeed . . .

Out of the TARDIS

It's Caroline John's turn at the dreaded TARDIS tin: what terrifying questions will she be forced to confront . . ?

on sale 31st August

Fluid Links

The Shape of Things to Come

At a recent American convention, Philip Segal, the man who currently owns the rights to make *Doctor Who*, was asked about his plans for the programme. It is reported that the fans who attended the convention were impressed by his genuine appreciation of the series. However, one of the comments which received a less favourable reaction from the crowd was his intention to alter the format of the programme into single-episode, self-contained adventures which would last for fifty minutes. Sensing the crowd's disappointment, Segal explained that while he himself has some reservations about altering the programme, the format he proposed was an absolute necessity for a programme which was to be broadcast on American television.

Now, we *Doctor Who* fans aren't known for embracing change. *Doctor Who* fandom is, after all, based on an appreciation of continuity as much as it is on innovation. But is the disquiet expressed by the fans at that convention merely unnecessary worrying or do they have a point? What is so special about twenty-five minute episodes, each telling part of a larger story? Does it really matter if the majority of episodes start with a recap and end with a cliffhanger? Is ninety minutes really the optimum length of a *Doctor Who* story?

I suspect that the format of the programme has actually been an important ingredient in its longevity and success. When *Doctor Who* was first devised, the length of individual episodes was decided not by deliberate planning but by an existing gap in the Saturday evening schedules. In the autumn of 1963, there happened to be a twenty-five minute space which needed filling between the sports round-up programme *Grandstand* and the pop music show *Juke Box Jury*. Despite the length of episodes resulting from a need to plug a hole in the schedules, the actual format of the programme was the result of some deliberation. The first production team wanted *Doctor Who* to be what was then called a "loyalty programme", which would attract and hold the audience for all fifty-two weeks of the year. It was stated formally that each episode should begin by repeating the closing sequence and the final moments of the episode should build up to a dramatic climax.

I suspect that it is this practice of repeating the cliffhanger which has contributed to the way the programme has passed into popular consciousness. It's not hard to find a casual viewer of the programme who can still describe images and sequences from cliffhangers which were first broadcast over two decades ago. Mention *Doctor Who* to one of my friends and he still shudders before murmuring quietly into his beer about giant green maggots. Some cliffhanger images just don't seem to go away: lizards in vests striding out of the ocean or a giant spider leaping onto a young girl's back. Of course, each generation will have their own images from the show whether it be a Dalek emerging out the Thames to threaten the Doctor or gliding up a flight of cellar stairs with the same intention. Often the most violent and horrifying moments in the programme have led up to the first chords of the closing theme, and we are left hooked, hearts pounding, eyes on stalks, as the last image fades and the credits roll.

Mary Whitehouse has recently said that after almost twenty years she can still see one violent sequence of the programme in her "mind's eye". Mrs Whitehouse famously criticised the BBC for the drowning sequence which brought Part Three of *The Deadly Assassin* to its conclusion. "These sorts of images," she complained, "are being left in the mind of the child for a whole week." I find myself agreeing with Mary for the first time in my life. This child, after watching *Doctor Who* on a Saturday night, would frequently spend much of the week with the cliffhanger replaying endlessly in his "mind's eye". But not because I was somehow psychologically damaged by the violence as Whitehouse would have it, but because I was speculating as to how the Doctor was going to escape this time and how he was going to defeat the enemy. And of course it wasn't just me. All over the country, the Doctor's chance of thwarting his adversary's vicious plans was the conversational currency not only of the playground on a Monday morning, but also the pub on a Saturday night.

> Episodic television programmes are rather like the chapters of a novel.

One of the great successes of the programme's format is that its episodic nature keeps it in the present and not in the past. After each episode of a broadcast story, not only is there something new to talk about, but the conclusion of the adventure is still open, the dramatic possibilities infinite. In this way, episodic television programmes are rather like the chapters of a novel. The recap at the beginning of an episode reminds me of the moment when you pick up the book and glance back a few pages to remind yourself of where you are; the pleasure comes not only from the actual reading of the book, but also from the enjoyment of being in the middle of an ongoing story. An hour-long, self-contained programme strikes me as being more like a short story in style. Devoured in one sitting, the pleasure comes from having greedily consumed it whole.

I suspect that television producers are less confident about maintaining audience loyalty at the end of the century than they were in 1963. With satellite offering tens of channels, the idea that viewers will loyally watch a programme once a week, every week, may well be wishful thinking. Certainly the format of recent television drama has tended towards long single-episode stories like *Inspector Morse* and *Prime Suspect*.

I'm not suggesting that if *Doctor Who* returns in the format Philip Segal is proposing, it will necessarily be worse or even less popular. But we will never watch it in quite the same way again.

Matthew Jones

The Song of the Space Whale

by Pat Mills

In the first part of this article, Richard Bignell presented an adaptation from story notes and scripts of Pat Mills' unmade *Doctor Who* story *The Song of the Space Whale*. Presented here is the climax to the story and an interview with the author, Pat Mills.

The Doctor, Tegan and Nyssa arrive on board a deep-space whaling vessel commanded by the hard-bitten Greeg, who seems to be in league with Krakos, an alien Tuthon. Inside the Ghaleen, the gigantic space whale which is Greeg's quarry, lives an entire community of castaways, including a young man called Turlough. As we join the story, the whale has been captured by the ship's tractor beams and drawn on board to be slaughtered – despite Tegan's protests that the Doctor and Nyssa are still inside . . .

Episode Four

(*Based on a scene breakdown dated 10th January 1982*)

Tegan breaks free from the guards and tells the chief that there are people inside the whale.

Inside the ice-shaft, the muscle spasm has opened an organic airlock. The castaways take their chance and leave through a dorsal vent at the back of the whale.

On the flight-deck, Greeg receives the news that there are people inside the whale. He decides to see for himself. He orders that the Tuthon be taken back to the cell, but not before slipping Krakos the key to his handcuffs. Stennar confronts the captain, demanding to know what Greeg's intentions are. Greeg reminds him that he's still in command and he leaves, blaster in hand. Stennar tells the navigator to inform Base Station.

Greeg arrives in the termination bay as Tegan and Rina are being escorted away. The Doctor insists that if the whale is killed, Greeg will have to kill them too. The captain raises his blaster.

Still in the whale, Nyssa tries to climb the ice-shaft, but she keeps slipping back.

The guards escorting Krakos open the cell door, but the Tuthon, now free of the handcuffs, attacks.

Greeg is about to fire when a laser beam cuts him down. It comes from Stennar, who has received authority to take over as captain.

In the corridor, Krakos confronts the crewman guarding Tegan and Rina. As they fight, the two girls run away.

Stennar tells the Doctor that a full investigation will take place and Greeg will face a court martial. A short distance away, Krakos listens, takes in the situation and climbs over the railing. Tegan and Rina burst in and inform the Doctor of what they've seen. In the termination bay, the Doctor spots Krakos entering the dorsal vent and realises that Nyssa is still inside. Telling the others to stay put, he follows Krakos

Inside the Ghaleen, Waldron regards his shattered world. Krakos enters and seizes him. Waldron is aghast that Krakos should want the orb and he tries to warn the creature of the dangers. But Krakos will not listen and forces the old man into the time chamber as the Doctor arrives with Nyssa, whom he has rescued from the ice-shaft. Without the orb, the Ghaleen will be crippled, but Krakos will not listen. The Tuthon use the orb to jam other pilots' signals so that they can kill the whales themselves. They are the Ghaleen's "friends"; they only kill what they need, unlike the humans who wipe out entire herds for money. Krakos tears the orb free from the living whale. The Ghaleen cries out in pain as uncontrolled time energy pours from the open wound, rendering matter unstable. Unaffected by the narcosis, Krakos leaves.

On the ship, instruments register a massive time distortion. Turlough tells Stennar that he has to release the whale immediately. Tegan protests. What about the Doctor? But Turlough insists it's the only way.

The Doctor and Nyssa help Waldron back to the damaged consoles in the village. They have to stop the outflow by transmitting the time energy stored in the Raft-Ship's accumulators back into the Ghaleen. The plan is dangerous but Waldron begins to instruct Nyssa on what to do. The Doctor leaves in pursuit of Krakos.

Stennar enters the flight deck. The time narcosis has spread even here. He releases the whale.

In the ice-shaft, Krakos reaches the vent just as the whale leaves the ship's atmosphere. The muscles contract again and the airlock closes, crushing Krakos. The Doctor collects the orb and returns it to the time chamber. They must leave. Waldron takes one last look around his world and boards the TARDIS

The TARDIS materialises in the gallery. As Waldron steps from the ship, he is greeted by Kalen. Slowly, he fades into oblivion. The Doctor realises that after such a long exposure to the time narcosis, Waldron could no longer exist outside the whale.

In a corridor, Tegan and Nyssa hear Rina crying from within a cabin. The Doctor calls to them. It's time to leave. Turlough leaves the cabin and Tegan bids farewell to Rina. Turlough asks the Doctor if he can join them. The Doctor agrees but wonders how Rina feels. Turlough tells him that space is in his blood. Rina understands.

Inside the TARDIS, the travellers hear the haunting cry of the pilot And then, a new sound – the answering songs from his pod. The songs of the space whales fill the air.

PAT MILLS

Born in 1949, Pat Mills began his comics career in 1971 by writing for DC Thompson's teenage paper *Romeo* before going freelance and co-creating *Battle* for IPC. During the Seventies Mills co-developed such memorable comics as the much-criticised *Action* and the hugely popular *2000AD*. But for all these successes, the late Seventies were not a good time for comic writers, which motivated Pat Mills and John Wagner (who had created and written *Judge Dredd* for *2000AD*) to seek other forms of employment.

"Comics at that time were really a low-key profession. There was no future in them whatsoever. I'd seen *2000AD* become a huge success and I'd got nothing out of it myself and I knew I had to move on from the industry. So I said to John that we should have a go at television, and try doing a *Doctor Who*. So we submitted some ideas to the script editor, Anthony Read, which we thought were okay, but he didn't like them. So we had them sitting around and one day Dez Skinn got to hear about our efforts and told us that he was starting up a *Doctor Who* comic, and that if our stories were strong enough, did we want to run them as comic versions?"

From October 1979 *Doctor Who Weekly* was fronted by a total of four Mills and Wagner stories based on their original submissions to the television production office. "We came up with the ideas together and then John would script one (*City of the Damned* and *Doctor Who and the Dogs of Doom*) and I would script the other (*Doctor Who and the Iron Legion* and *Doctor Who and the Star Beast*), and we enjoyed it. It was quite fun to do those stories."

While Mills and Wagner's proposed television stories had ended up becoming comic strips, *The Song of the Space Whale* developed in the opposite direction. "We decided to do another *Doctor Who* comic book story so we sat down one evening and formulated the idea of the space whale and worked up a paragraph on it. I mentioned this to my wife Angie, who said, 'That's a really hot idea. You don't want to use that in a comic strip. Why don't you send it into the TV people?' So I talked to John about it the next day and he said that he didn't think that it was a very good idea. John had very negative views about the BBC but he's very much a pessimist. I think that comes over in his character of Judge Dredd. Dredd's the ultimate pessimist! But me being the optimist, I said that I thought Angie had a point and we should try it. John was very much a sleeping partner on the thing, but we originally came up with the basic idea together. So I submitted the space whale story along with three others, because by this time I was really getting quite into it.

"So I sent them in, and they passed them to the BBC script reading unit and they liked the space whale idea. John at this point started to show some interest in the story again, and so we did the first draft of episode one together and, rightly in retrospect, he started getting very bad vibes about the thing. He said that he didn't like the feeling of things. He thought the BBC were going to screw us around. I instinctively felt that things were fine and that we should keep going. It was still in the early stages when he said that he wanted no further involvement and, for copyright reasons, because it had become increasingly my baby rather than his, the BBC said we'd have to regularise the position. John said that he was happy to leave it behind and just wanted a piece of paper to sign. So the BBC came up with some release form and John walked off into the sunset!"

The BBC officially commissioned a full scene breakdown of the story on 9th September 1981, and a full set of scripts was commissioned some three months later on 2nd December 1981. "It started originally with Chris Bidmead but he soon handed over the script editor's post to Eric Saward, who called me in to say 'Hello' and check me out. The Doctor at that time was Peter Davison, so immediately any humour that was in the original synopsis had to change and come out, the original outline having been written for Tom Baker. The Fifth Doctor's character was described to me as being a 'James Bond' which I felt extremely uncomfortable with, because whatever Peter Davison is, he's not a James Bond."

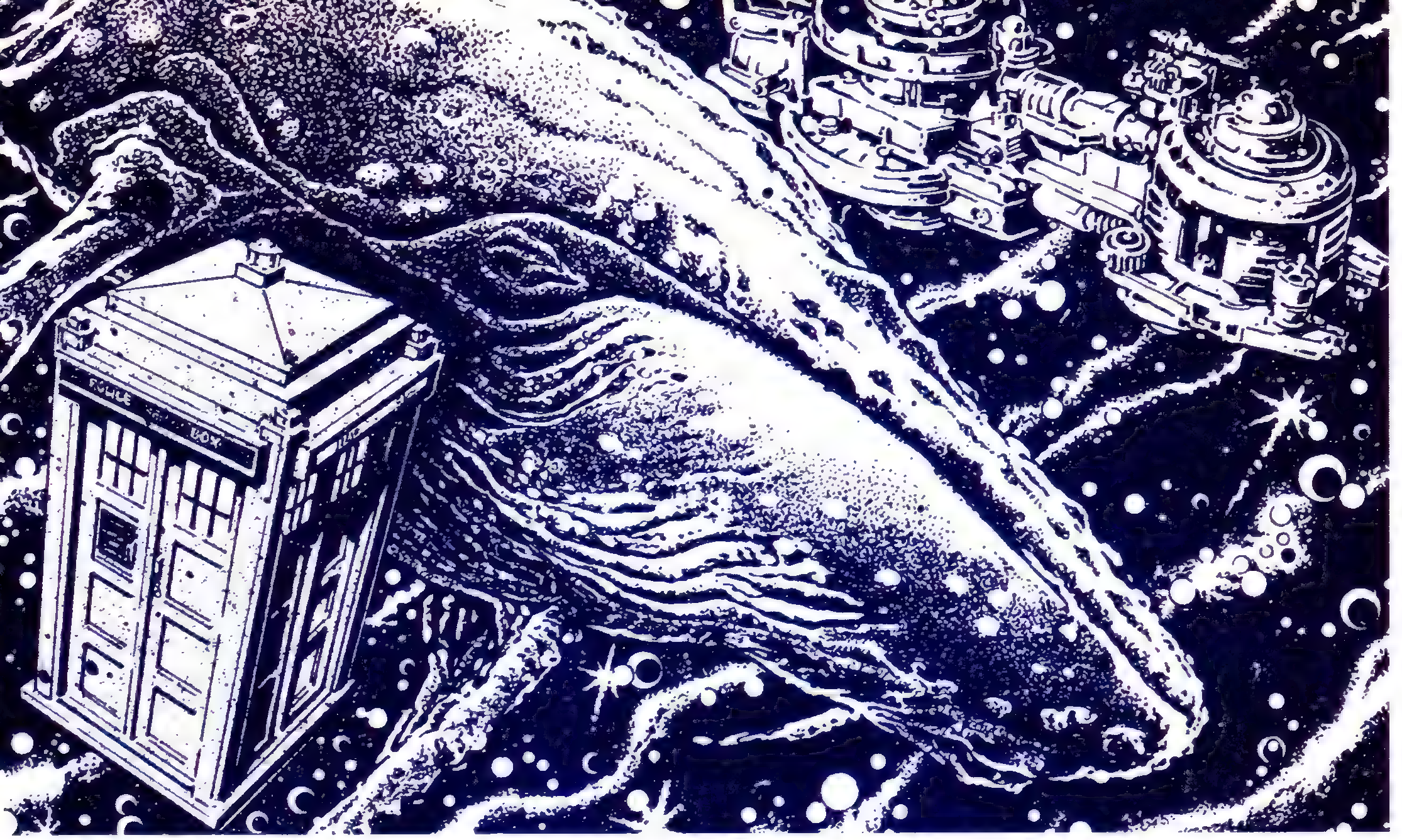
In Mills' original story Rina's boyfriend inside the Ghaleen was named John, but an early and important change to the story was mooted by Saward on an undated scene breakdown (but which was certainly produced prior to 1982) in which he noted against the character's name 'Rina's boyfriend is Turlough'. "I can remember being quite chuffed at the idea of introducing a new companion for them. They had a complete profile on the character of Turlough – who he was, what he was about and so on."

But differences in opinion about the story soon arose between Mills and Saward. "I don't think Eric would argue with my definition of him as being a typical English school teacher type, with a university background. Very much a typical BBC man, and therefore when you've got ideas that don't fit in line with that, there's a culture clash. I think if people come in with different objectives, they've got to be that bit better to make it happen – and I wasn't that bit better. I remember on one occasion, I tentatively approached Eric about something and I got a very stern speech along the lines of, 'If you can't go along with me, we'll have to stop this now.' Yes, he was very much a BBC man, and not very diplomatic with it.

"The original story featured this captain of the factory spaceship. Now I didn't want a typical, neat captain. They bore the pants off me! So I had a captain who was rather a gross character, based on a captain of a Dutch dredger. But for Eric, this was inconceivable. He said that you could not have a working-class captain of a spaceship, even within the fantasy context of *Doctor Who*. He insisted that he had to be the perfect gentleman type. Tense, tough, a Biggles. The problem is, what on Earth do you do with a Biggles character? All they can do is shout orders.

"The Fifth Doctor's character was described to me as being a 'James Bond' which I felt extremely uncomfortable with."

"I also originally had the inhabitants inside the whale as a bunch of demented priest-like characters, but I was told that they wanted to get away from the 'flowing-robe' types. So I came up with something else and that was okayed, but ultimately rejected. So I did something that really proved that, as far as the BBC were concerned, it was a victim of their politics as much as any inexperience on my part. I thought, 'Okay. He's saying the dialogue isn't right, the characterisation isn't right,' so I went out and found the most bizarre group of people I could. Now I've done this before. If you get stuck on a character, you just draw from real life and you cannot go wrong. I found a very over-the-top family and I thought about what would they would be like in this space whale situation. I literally wrote down everything they said, all their dialogue, some of which was very amusing. And in that way I know, hand on heart, that



the characterisation was 100%. But that version also got turned down. That's how I know that politics came into it, because I've used those same characters in another screenplay and they've been extremely well received. In fact the one thing which that producer particularly commented on was the strength of the characters and I thought, 'Well stuff you, Eric!'

"It was a very difficult time for me. I've edited comics, I've dealt with a lot of writers and I've always felt that if you're in a position to dish it out, you've also got to be able to take it. So when I got these long sermons from Eric saying this is wrong and that is wrong, I made the mistake of thinking that he must be right. But with these characters, I could tell that if there was a problem, it was a cultural one. Here you had these amusing people, a kind of working-class Swiss Family Robinson, with the same kind of potential as the characters in *Bread*, excellent characters who bounce off each other in a good way. But I believe that had somebody come up with the characters from *Bread* and stuck them inside the whale, Eric would still have said no because they wouldn't have fitted his university, English teacher-type background.

"So you've got a captain who's very much a featureless captain, a Doctor who's very much an action Doctor. You've got the people inside the whale – flowing robes and mysticism is out, they want functional, officer-class people. So from my point of view, what you're ending up with are characters straight out of a BBC series like *Fighter Pilot*, all officers and gentlemen, and it's being written by someone who knows nothing about officers and gentlemen. As an editor myself, you have to look at what a writer has to offer. You can't make him into you. You have to look at that writer and think about what he's got to offer. If he doesn't know anything about farming, you can't tell him to write a farmer into his script. You have to go with his strengths. You've got to try and bring out the best in him and not try and plant onto him something he's not, because it won't work. And anyway, I don't think anybody could really make those characters work that well because they don't have any character, all they've got is jargon. To make this worse, the companions were relatively featureless as well. Turlough was kind of bad but not really bad. Nyssa was pretty nothingy. Tegan was okay because she was a bit bolshy. But you really couldn't get excited about any of these characters. So the only way it seemed to me that it could work was to do it as pure action.

"Then Peter Davison left and was replaced by Colin Baker, and suddenly there was this attempt to go back to the very thing they'd previously said was unacceptable. An indulgent, over-the-top Doctor. I got a distinct feeling that a lot of this was due to panic decisions going on behind the scenes. There was some kind of problem going on between Eric and John Nathan-Turner, and I don't think they had a good deal of respect for each other. They started off at one point wanting more violence in the thing, and if you look at one of Eric Saward's episodes with the Cybermen, it's incredibly violent, almost X-certificate. Then suddenly it was no violence again. So you had these falling ratings, these differing opinions on violence. You've got everything that Tom Baker did being 'out' as it was all wildly indulgent, and then you've got some attempt, and in my view not particularly successful, to return to that era. You've got these different Doctors and all these different companions. Then they decided that it was going to be two forty-five minute episodes and suddenly it was over-length, which was surprising considering how superficial it was. And that was a real sadness because some of the good stuff got cut.

"So we had this final version, two forty-five minute dramas, and at this stage the characters inside the whale were officer class, the kind that Eric wanted. He wanted survivalists, so I got every damn book I could find on survival and worked it all in. And he said, 'Yes, it's fine. It's over. You've cracked it!' so we went out for a meal to celebrate. He said, 'You don't have to do any more, I'm happy with it.' Quote: 'I'm happy with it.' So I went off and got on with my life.

At this point, *The Song of the Space Whale* had been allocated the second recording slot of Season Twenty-Two and a director, Ron Jones, who ultimately ended up working on the story's replacement, *Vengeance on Varos*.

"After three months, I got a phone call from Eric: 'I'm not happy with the characters inside the whale. The story's off the schedule.' To be fair to him, I wasn't happy with the officer-class types either, but I thought they worked and I'd given him what he wanted. He told me to come up with some new characters, and like an idiot I thought I'd give it one more shot. He didn't want fantasy because he'd rejected that, he didn't want the weird guys with the robes, and he no longer wanted the officer class. So it was at this stage that I thought about a Swiss Family Robinson and went out to these friends of mine who were a perfect family for drama. So I came up with these new characters. There was a long delay and then he dropped me a line to say that the story was dead, with not a word on the reworked characters."

"It was such a painful process, and for many years after it was a taboo subject."

As late as July 1985, Pat Mills' name was still appearing on the BBC Drama Scripts Classified Listings as working on his *Doctor Who* story, but by November it was all over as John Nathan-Turner confirmed at a *Doctor Who* convention: "*The Space Whale* we decided not to do after all. It went through a great number of rewrites and it never quite lived up to our expectations."

This was the end of Pat Mills' involvement with the *Doctor Who* production office. "It was such a painful process, and for many years after it was a taboo subject with me. It wasn't just about wounded ego, it was because I knew it was a good story that had got screwed in some way and I didn't know exactly how. I knew it was partly down to my own inexperience but that wasn't the full picture. I was so confused about it all that I thought I really ought to get another

opinion, so I went to a writers' workshop that was run by a BBC script editor. During the course of the workshop, I wrote some dialogue and this script editor said, 'Yeah, that's pretty good. What's your problem?' And I told him that I'd had this bizarre experience with one of his colleagues who described scenes by saying, 'This hit me like a wet cod!' He asked if Eric was the script editor who had commissioned the story, and I explained that it was his predecessor, Chris Bidmead, and he said, 'Oh, you're stuffed! You're wasting your time! The guy who commissioned it, that's his baby. With script editors, if it's not their baby, they don't want to know. You haven't got a hope in hell, Pat!'

"What was so painful for me at the time was that I just assumed these people were playing it with a straight bat. Certainly in the early days I think they were. I can't see how Eric would want to sit down and go through a story, hour after hour, unless he wanted it to work. In my experience as an editor, if a writer comes up with a really good story but there's a bit that isn't gelling, you just sit down with him and make it work. And if you can't make that bit work, you write in a bit yourself, and if you can't do *that* then there's only one thing to do – you run with it anyway. If it's got enough going for it you say, 'Okay, you're going to wince on that bit, but if it's a good story, then to hell with it.' I do believe that if something is inherently right you can solve problems if you want to. I don't believe in the end he wanted to. If it was good enough to say, 'It's finished. It's over. It's okay,' then it was not that far short of the mark."

Still feeling that *The Song of the Space Whale* was a quality adventure, Mills adapted the script as a comic story, removing the *Doctor Who* references and replacing the Time Lord and his companions with a group of space bikers. But problems continued.

"Marvel USA were planning to run it and we'd completed about twenty pages, but the artist was literally taking longer and longer. He was supposed to deliver three pages a week and was only accomplishing one. If you don't deliver on schedule they cancel the book, which is what they did, and as a result I had to refund them my script fee, which I was not pleased about. Another publisher rang me up after Marvel, a subsidiary of DC who expressed a lot of interest. We got some pages drawn and the characters were great, but the spaceship was awful. The publisher didn't like it and it didn't happen. It was also offered at one stage to Japan, but that also fell through. Now these things happen occasionally in comics, but not with the intensity of this.

"Because there's still a part of me that cares a great deal about the story, I've decided to put it to rest for the moment. The universe is trying to tell me something and I have to listen. If I don't listen the same thing will happen again. I'll do some damn screenplay on it, somebody will say, 'Brilliant!', and five years later it'll still be going round and round and round! All these other factors – the politics, the cultural clash, the falling ratings and so on, may be relevant to *Doctor Who*, but for me that isn't the real reason why it fell. It's something to do with the story itself. I think that writers are driven by their own inner demons, and the reason why one thing may happen and another doesn't is because they don't coincide with your own inner motivations. So I've had to ask myself what are my motivations, and I think I've finally got in touch with them. What was actually missing in *The Song of the Space Whale* were the polemics. They were there originally but they had become so watered-down that it ended up as just another story. And I've realised that even in the various versions I've re-scripted for comics subsequently, somehow the polemics aren't correct. So I've now decided that until such time as I can say something polemic within the context of the story, I'll let it be. Perhaps there are certain stories that just aren't meant to be and this is one of them!" ◆

Left above: *The Song of the Space Whale* was originally intended to be the introductory story for Turlough (Mark Strickson) in Season Twenty and was later earmarked for Season Twenty-Two, but was replaced at a late stage by, **below**, *Vengeance on Varos*
Photos © BBC Video

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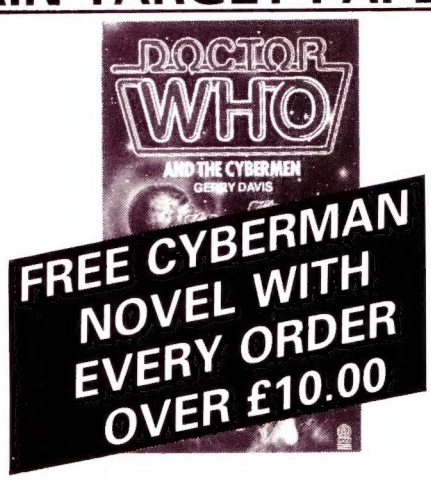

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Gallifrey Guardian

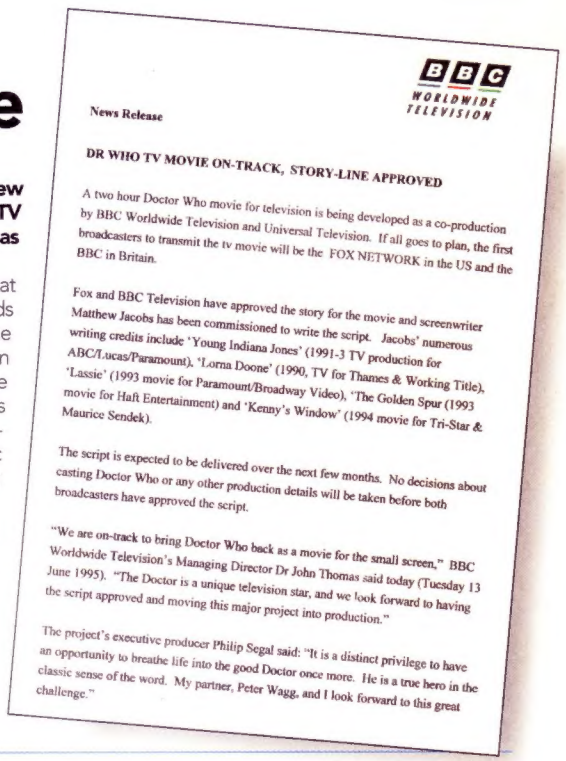
New *Doctor Who*: BBC approves storyline

Following the recent announcement (DWM 227) that British writer Matthew Jacobs was developing a script for the proposed two-hour *Doctor Who* TV movie, BBC Worldwide Television has now confirmed that Jacobs' storyline has been approved and the script commissioned.

The all-important approval from the Fox Network and BBC Television means that the long-awaited revival of *Doctor Who* has taken a significant step towards becoming a reality. "We are on track to bring *Doctor Who* back as a movie for the small screen," announced BBC Worldwide Television's Managing Director Dr John Thomas. "The Doctor is a unique television star, and we look forward to having the script approved and moving this major project into production." The project's executive producer Philip Segal said: "It is a distinct privilege to have an opportunity to breathe life into the good Doctor once more. He is a true hero in the classic sense of the word. My partner, Peter Wagg, and I look forward to this great challenge."

The news was broken in a BBC press release on 13th June, and the tabloid press swiftly responded with a renewed flurry of creative rumour-mongering. Names such as Eric Idle, Alan Rickman and Cherie Lunghi were dredged up from previous unsubstantiated reports concerning the identity of the new Doctor, but the BBC has assured **DWM** that no casting, nor indeed any other production details, will be confirmed until both American and British broadcasters have approved the final script.

As ever, **DWM** will report the facts about this exciting development as and when they are confirmed.



BBC WORLDWIDE TELEVISION

News Release

DR WHO TV MOVIE ON-TRACK, STORY-LINE APPROVED

A two hour Doctor Who movie for television is being developed as a co-production by BBC Worldwide Television and Universal Television. If all goes to plan, the first broadcasters to transmit the tv movie will be the FOX NETWORK in the US and the BBC in Britain.

Fox and BBC Television have approved the story for the movie and screenwriter Matthew Jacobs has been commissioned to write the script. Jacobs' numerous writing credits include 'Young Indiana Jones' (1991-3 TV production for ABC/Lucas/Paramount), 'Lorna Doone' (1990, TV for Thames & Working Title), 'Lassie' (1993 movie for Paramount/Broadway Video), 'The Golden Spur (1993 movie for Haft Entertainment) and 'Kenny's Window' (1994 movie for Tri-Star & Maurice Sendek).

The script is expected to be delivered over the next few months. No decisions about casting Doctor Who or any other production details will be taken before both broadcasters have approved the script.

"We are on-track to bring Doctor Who back as a movie for the small screen," BBC Worldwide Television's Managing Director Dr John Thomas said today (Tuesday 13 June 1995). "The Doctor is a unique television star, and we look forward to having the script approved and moving this major project into production."

The project's executive producer Philip Segal said: "It is a distinct privilege to have an opportunity to breathe life into the good Doctor once more. He is a true hero in the classic sense of the word. My partner, Peter Wagg, and I look forward to this great challenge."

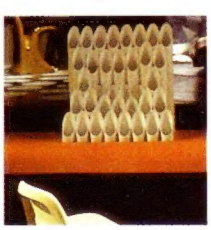
Video news

As you read this, Bill Baggs and Adrian Rigelsford are putting the finishing touches to their unofficial *Doctor Who* video documentary *30 Years of Time Travel and Beyond*, produced in association with MasterVision Video. The tape will include a variety of rare behind-the-scenes footage and a hitherto unmatched range of interviews with cast and production personnel, including all five surviving Doctors. Among the highlights: Caroline John interviews Nicholas Courtney about the development of UNIT; Mike Tucker and Tony Harding take *Ghost Light*'s Ian Hogg on a tour of the BBC Visual Effects workshop; Sylvester McCoy discusses life as the Doctor as he tours some of the locations used for *Remembrance of the Daleks*, prior to their demolition; and Wendy Padbury and Sally Faulkner pay a return visit to the Guinness factory where they once filmed *The Invasion*.

We can now also announce that there will be two versions of the documentary: the standard version, which will be in the shops from late September; and a special, limited-edition extended edit, which will include unique, additional material and will only be available to readers of **Doctor Who Magazine**. To secure your copy of the '**DWM** cut', look out for the special order form in issue 230.

Competitions

BBC Video has offered us TEN copies of the *Doctor Who* spin-off adventure *K9 and Company* to give away. If you're feeling lucky, just identify the story from which the set detail shown here originates. Send your answer to GARDEN GOBLIN NOT IN MEMORY at the editorial address on page three.



In addition, Lumiere has kindly provided TEN copies of their new *Dalekmania* documentary (see page 40). To be in with a chance of winning a copy, simply tell us the name of the breakfast cereal which is heavily advertised throughout the second film. Send your answer to THIS IS THE FINAL COMPONENT! at the usual address.

Public Image

Released on 5th June, the concluding instalments of the Key to Time failed by a whisker to achieve a full set of Top Ten placings for the six segments of Season Sixteen.

Video Home Entertainment's 17th June chart contained nine new entries within the Top Twelve; among them *The Power of Kroll* and *The Armageddon Factor*, a more expensive six-parter, at a slightly poor number eleven.

Some fearsome opposition included Byte 2 of BBC Video's *Red Dwarf VI*, in at number eight. The second pair of *The X Files* tapes stormed into numbers four and five, with a further HMV-only box set from that series at number twelve.

Doctor Who's regular competition should, however, be diminishing. The conclusion to *Star Trek: The Next Generation*, *All Good Things*, entered at number four in early June, but unlike May's *Red Dwarf* and *The X Files* releases, it soon vacated the Top Ten. Will *Star Trek: Voyager* have the same appeal?

Mark Wyman

Outside the Spaceship

Obituary: Doreen Ubels died on 25th May. She made three *Doctor Who* appearances as an extra, playing a tribeswoman in *100,000 BC*, a Trojan citizen in *The Myth Makers* and a walk-on in *The War Machines*. Also recently deceased is Douglas Bather, who was a bandit extra in Parts One to Three of *The Creature From the Pit* and a Logopolitan in *Logopolis* Parts Two and Three.

Doctors: Channel 4 will broadcast *The Persuaders* (currently on Bravo) from 10th September, and the fifth season of *The Avengers* (Diana Rigg episodes) from 12th September. *The Persuaders* features Patrick Troughton as Marceau in the episode *The Old, the New and the Deadly*, while Jennie Linden (big-screen Barbara) plays Shelley in *To the Death, Baby* and Kate O'Mara is Heidi in *Read and Destroy*. Terry Nation, who was associate producer and story consultant on the series, also wrote seven episodes. Two Doctors appear in *The Avengers'* first foray into colour, with Jon Pertwee as Brigadier Whitehead in *From Venus With Love* and Peter Cushing as Beresford in *The Return of the Cybernauts*.

Peter Davison and Sylvester McCoy proved so popular in the Theatre Royal, Windsor's production of *Mother Goose* last Christmas that both have been asked back again, this time to play in the 1995/96 production of *Dick Whittington*. Advance bookings are being taken on 01753 853888.

Colin Baker is to star in Mike Read's *Great Expectations – The Musical*, which previews at the Alexandra Theatre Birmingham (Box office 0121 633 3325) from 22nd December, running until 17th February 1996. Thereafter it moves to the Theatre Royal, Norwich (Box office 01603 623562) for two weeks, continuing to tour until the end of April. Colin will play Magwitch (a role previously performed by his *Attack of the Cybermen* colleague Brian Glover) and his co-stars will be Darren Day and Nyree Dawn Porter. Colin is also writing the lyrics to music by George Hastings for a version of *The Sleeping Beauty* being performed over the Christmas period at the Sunderland Empire. On the television front, he has recorded an episode of Channel 4 children's series *Eureka*, playing the artist WP Frith, which is due for broadcast in January, while for audio he has written and recorded some short stories for Telstar in addition to the forthcoming BBC Radio Collection's *Doctor Who* renditions of *Attack of the Cybermen* and *Vengeance on Varos*.

Sylvester McCoy could be heard as Reepicheep in Radio 4's dramatisation of *Prince Caspian* by CS Lewis, broadcast on 25th June, which had title music by Elizabeth Parker, background music by Peter Howell and a supporting cast which included Stephen Thorne.

Companions: Frazer Hines was interviewed by David Lloyd on Radio 4's *Test Match Special* on 10th June during the *View From the Boundary* segment and was the celebrity guest on the first week of Channel 4's thirtieth series of *Countdown* from 3th July.

Deborah Watling's Naughty Norma can be seen in much of Europe, but alas not currently in the UK, in reruns of *Danger UXB*, which are being shown on satellite network BBC Prime.

Producers: Production of the second series of *Class Act*, with Verity Lambert as executive producer, has now been completed with transmission due on ITV in the autumn. If the Channel 5 Broadcasting consortium wins the licence for the fifth terrestrial channel, a new courtroom drama, *Days of Justice* from Cinema Verity, will be produced. Verity's *Eldorado*, initially produced by Julia Smith, is now being broadcast five times a week by UK Gold. The series has also been sold to the appropriately named Angst TV of Russia.

Two films from *Doctor Who* personnel appear in the UK top twenty home-produced movies for the period from November 1992 to the present, with Philip Hinchcliffe's *An Awfully Big Adventure* placed tenth (UK gross £575,430) and *Ladybird, Ladybird* scripted by Rona Munro sixteenth (£157,816).

Script editors: Antony Root (*Four To Doomsday/The Visitation/Earthshock*) is the executive producer of a forthcoming prestigious ITV drama *Call Red*, which has been devised by JC Wilsher (*Between the Lines*) and Gillian Gordon. The seven-episode series will focus on the professional and personal lives of the crew of a city hospital's helicopter emergency service and will no doubt be dubbed *Air Casualty* by the media in due course.

Writers: Stephen Gallagher (*Warriors' Gate/Terminus*), who is acting as consultant on a potential second series of *Bugs*, is hoping to make the series "more ambitious and slightly deeper".

Rona Munro's play *The Maiden Stone* (see **DWM** 226) was chosen as the first recipient of the Peggy Ramsay Award.

Directors: Waris Hussein (*100,000 BC/Marco Polo*) is to direct *Such a Long Journey*, a film to be produced by Paul Stephens and Simon MacCorkindale, about a man trying to keep his family together, who gets involved in India's political intrigue.

Six further episodes of *The Vet*, produced by Ikona Films' Tony Virgo (*The King's Demons*) are being shot for Autumn transmission on BBC1.

Dominic May

Crazy Caption!

Here is your chance to win one of TEN copies of *Frontier in Space*, kindly donated by BBC Video.

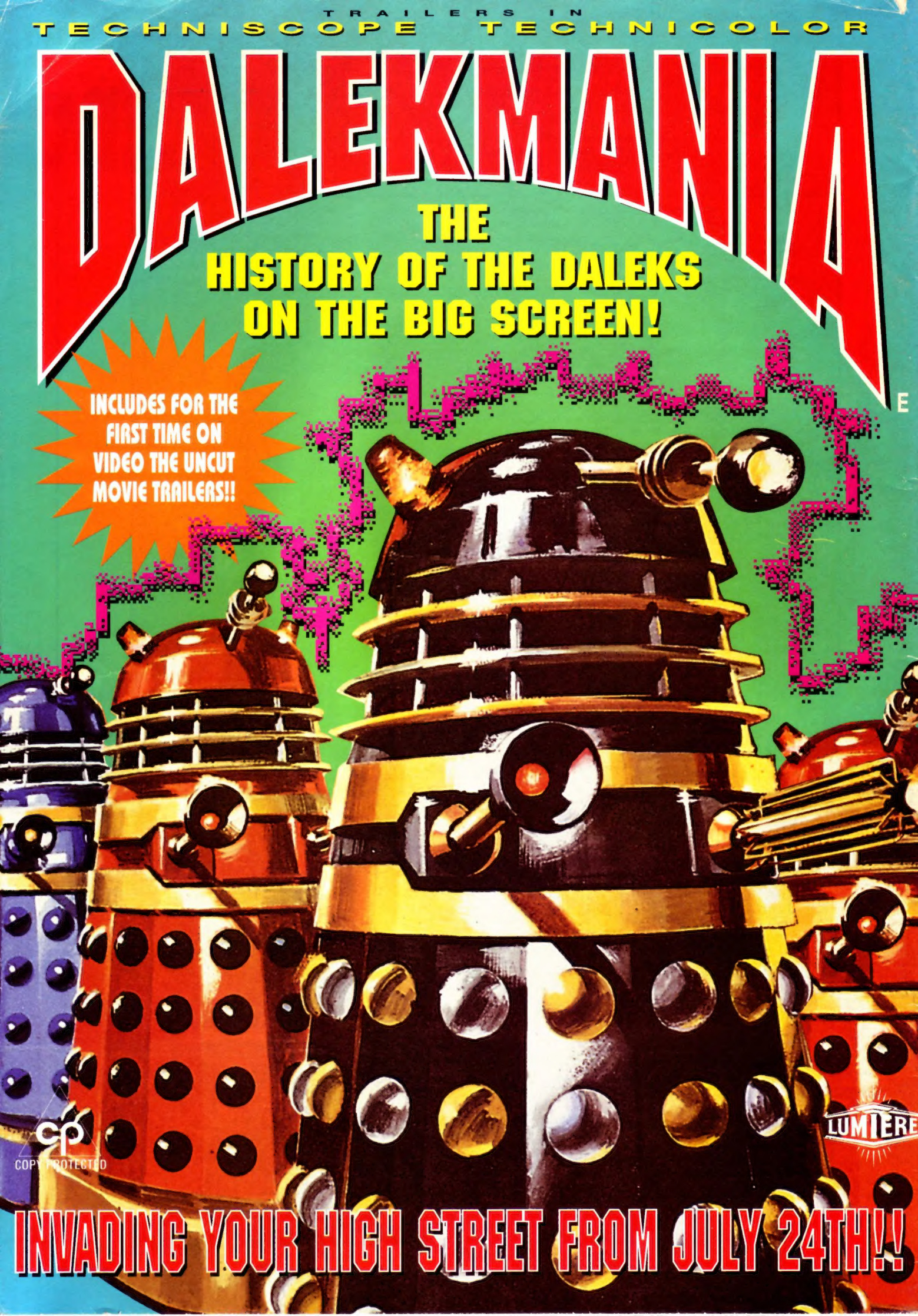
All you have to do is come up with the funniest caption you can to go with the picture shown above. The best ten will win a video. We'll print a few of our favourites in a future issue.

Send your entry on the back of a postcard to CRAZY CAPTION 229 at the editorial address on page three. The closing date for entries is second post on 5th October.

The usual Marvel competition rules apply.

Crazy Caption 225 result

Thanks for all the entries for the second Crazy Caption competition. Ten talented winners will each receive a copy of the BBC Video of *The Ribos Operation*. Our favourite caption, from **Darren Mackay** of Buckie, is shown here. Others that went down well included ". . . and it's a disaster for the Tories as all their London seats have been taken by dinosaurs." from Ian Grice of Scarborough, and "I know it's ambitious, but this will be the best three-legged pub crawl UNIT has ever attempted." from M Nixon of Rochdale. We fear for our sanity.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